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HOURS
OF
REFLECTION;
ON
HORROR AND PLEASURE.

BY
JOHN HUNT, M. D.

MDCCCXLV.



NOV 19 1911
JUL 19 1911
MAR 19 1911

C A N A D A .

Just as he threw the glittering spear
From his gigantic hand,
It set him free, and turned
The destiny of Canada.
Oh, they wept, when they saw
That Canada was destined
To be free.
They wept like forsaken Angels
In Heaven, and groaned like
Devils in Hell.
They thought that the British
Lion was about to be drained;
Enough of the sacred blood!
Oh, yet he supped the sacred blood,
And when he spake like
The great Jehovah, he made all
Around him tremble. Oh,
She may have the chance
To weep again; Canada will
Be free. In some coming time
Canada will be free. Oh, my God!
When he gave his command to his
Forces, all would at his word arise,
And the lyre of Heaven would be touched
To his honor. The golden rays of the sun
Would be shed upon him;
By the great Jehovah's hand
He is protected. Oh, this day I met
With his noble science—



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From his gigantic hand,
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Forces, all would at his word arise,
And the lyre of Heaven would be touched
To his honor. The golden rays of the sun
Would be shed upon him;
By the great Jehovah's hand
He is protected. Oh, this day I met
With his noble science—

He sought for Freedom,
 The British lords were all against him,
 He wished to see his country free,
 He would willingly give his life to
 Obtain his country's freedom. He left
 His country, but in coming time
 He will return, with ten thousand
 Hosts obtain revenge. He swears by all
 That is sacred in Heaven, that Canada
 Shall be free—and English lords
 Shall no longer preside over that
 Virtuous land. Oh! let Canada be
 Free! What nation has suffered more,
 What nation ought to have her freedom
 More than this glorious province?
 Did Greece by Rome suffer more,
 Or Africa pay greater Taxes?
 Let the Gods of War and the Gods of
 Honor preside. And when the hellish
 Hounds of Britain come,
 Let the noble Patriot's thrust the
 Glittering spear turn their incorruptible
 Hearts. Oh, Oh! for Heaven's sake
 If there is Justice in Heaven,
 Let the Almighty arm that presides
 Over the destinies of Nations
 Break asunder the chains
 That keep them in oppression;
 Now if you have the honor,
 Most noble Warrior's, strike for
 Liberty. Will you die Slaves?
 Or, will you die Freemen?
 Or will you carry to your graves
 The honor, that you your sacred
 Blood for the freedom of Canada.
 Oh! let it be told that you died
 And gave your life for the freedom of
 Your own glorious country.

S C R A P S ,

Medicus fallo
 Man needs to live
 Three lives to know
 How to live one.

He may think
 He is enjoying the
 Blessings of practice,
 Yet in the vaults of hell.

He may be as wise
 As Moses or Socrates, and
 Yet cannot see that
 Humans conciluan cado.

Tue segues, oh Deut
 As thou hast last
 Given thy command
 Repentance and salvation.

Nox nata ingruo
 Ac Alexander Darius frugo,
 Reason leads man
 From darkness to the God of light.

O let every man raise
 His voice to the honor
 And the praise of his God,
 When you die, die in your glory,

Deur sum juidix
 O, I tremble when
 I think to see so
 Many that are to appear at the bar.

Ago tre gratia, O !
 Dens ! that you have
 So long kept around
 Me the golden chain of transgression.

Nesta legent utor

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

Tuas judicium. I
Wish not to lead any
Man astray from truth.

The God of Reason
The Gods of Holiness
Constitute one God.

DECEIT.

O the first time
That I with her
Met, many happy
Hours when together
In solitude spent,
When I first saw
The black sparkling
Eye, and the golden
Ringlet hair on
Her white marble neck,
As it was raised by Zephyrs,
As she stood in her fathers
Mansion—with hand wiping
From her eye and rosy cheek
The rolling tear of affection,
I bid her adieu. And she spoke,
And her tears rushed again,
And she laid her head upon
His hand and gave a sigh.
I rejoiced much
When I with her first met,
But ten times more when I left her.
Although she resembles a Grecian
Goddess—as fair as an Italian maid,
And as virtuous as the Goddess of Rome.
I despise her not—although
She is treacherous and wise,
And ten thousand pounds

Would not obtain her real estate
We have sported in the forest
Hunt and the giddy dance,
Thus she kindly offered her hand
And smiled at first, and
Spoke—and she spoke to me kindly
We shall be happy, if we are wedded,
By the powers of Heaven !
And all that is virtuous on earth
I had rather be free, than to be bound
To such a treacherous dame as
Thee. I have seen many happy
In bands of felicity—but ten
Times more in the deepest torrent
Of Tartarius.

THE RIVAL.

One would think
By your appearance you
Were as great as Plotinus,
A friend of Gallianus, but
Your reasoning is so that
Fools may see its faults and
Teach you wisdom.
You believe man is immortal,
His soul existed before his birth,
Do you call yourself a second Plato?
I should think by your reasoning
That you was taught in
His School. You are so corrupt
That you cannot find a resting
Place within Hell, or within Heaven ;
You are barr'd from the sacred Heaven
And despised by the devils in
Tartarias. All the sacred gods
Would dip the spears of war

In your blood to poison their foes.
Once you might touch the lyre
Of Heaven, and all around you
Would have been silent,
Great Gods would have done you honor,
But you have fetched disgrace
Upon yourself—disobeyed his laws
And thus deprived yourself
Of happiness, and all rejoiced when
They saw you thrust from
His throne, down the long road
To hell ; and your groans
As you were going, were more
Amusing than the songs that
You sent from your harp.
You were too mean for
The wolves to feast on your
Blood and flesh. Let your eyes
Be closed with plates of brass,
And your voice never more heard,
Only when it is expressing your
Wretchedness, and let your rframe
Go down with your bones. The
Goods of Justice will all sign
The declaration, to never have
You again appear upon this earth,
For you have fetched more sin
Than the law when it was sent.
And if you have friends, let
Them weep, because you were not
Taken before, and let all those
That hold to virtue stand, and defend
The Gods of holiness, and keep
This polluted man from the land.

S O L I T U D E .

O, Deliver me from
Solitude—give me pleasure,
It is worse for me to
Stop with the noble day.

I have seen many, with
Them drank the cup of
Wine, and sported in the
Giddy dance, and yet was wretched.

He this eve from his bed
Arose, and to her door
Went for a viceans intent—
It was to take her life.

He from his breast pulled
A glittering dagger, and
Towards her advanced. He paused,
He could not do the deed.

Be I a coward—then he
Deeply drank from, and then
He paused. Is it right for
Me to take her innocent life.

He then advanced towards her
Bed with his dagger raised,
And looked on her rosy
Cheek. O, I cannot take her life.

He drank again. O by the
Sacred Gods I will do it,
He throwed the glittering dagger
To her heart—he heard the groan.

When she struggled
He saw the blood
From her heart flow,
He fainted and fell before her.

Because he thought she was

Treacherous, he took her life,
He did not reflect that she
Was not the cause of the treason.

I will swear that I will
Never witness another dead,
Nor sport with another dame—
I have spent a fortune and my life.

It reminds me of Solomon
His words I will not quote,
For they are familiar to
You, I say keep the laws of virtue.

If you have them hold
Them, until you can
Get three times their value,
'Tis impossible to find a virtuous dame.

From Grece's sacred walls
To Andrica I have roved,
I have never found an honest
Dame or Goddess in foreign land.

There are those that will
To you by their appearance
Make you think that they
Are virtuous dames,

There are honest ones
It has been my misfortune,
Or good fortune never to find
One, all things are for the best.

When he stepped, all beneath
His feet shook, and when
He spoke, and all the angels
In Heaven trembled and wept.

His law was love, his
Word fixed the destiny of Empires,
His wrath would send ten

Thousand to hell for disobedience.
 Although he died holy—died
 A ruler of the world—lover
 Of salvation—his declaration
 Would raise nations from the dead.

This is not the man,
 Whom was ruined and arose
 In three days, and ascended to
 Heaven, he was inferior to him.

This day I saw her enter into
 The Cathedral Church, in Italy,
 She had the form of Minerva
 And Venus, according to the description.

She possessed eloquence
 And was much distinguished,
 She excelled all Goddesses in music,
 But her appearance was disgraceful.

She intended to marry
 Rich, but her father's misfortunes
 Turned her destiny.
 She wept hard at her misfortunes.

He would labor to obtain
 Means to keep her in the giddy dance,
 To sport with British lords and French Counts,
 It was impossible for her to obtain courtesy.

She wept, alas! Oh, why is it
 That I cannot have the courtesy
 Of English lords and French Counts,
 As well as those that are worth pounds.

I can sport and sing,
 And in the forest hunt, and giddy dance
 Converse with the Archangels of Heaven,
 And touch the Lyre of David.

As she spoke these words, she wept,

She spoke of her fame,
 And the different countries
 She had seen—they were Egypt and Italy
 But 'twas all in vain for her
 To quote this to the lords,
 You know not how to
 Please counts and lords.

If you have wealth, man
 Would despise the honorable sage
 You had rather ride your steeds
 Over the crumbling walls of Troy.

As long as you have not learned
 The first laws of nature,
 And have not respect
 For your God nor your fellow-man.

TRAGEDY.

Priest. Oh! Oh! holy, just, sacred and
 Divine, powerful and all-wise,
 The giver of every good and perfect gift
 The cause of all things. Oh my
 Sacred God, my only true God,
 On Thee I rest, as I am
 Am here reviving, on the
 Holy Spirit, my only nourishment,
 My only guide, is the word of God.
 'Tis the only fountain, tis the only source
 That man can obtain everlasting salvation
 Oh return ye fallen race;
 Why will ye fetch eternal damnation
 Upon your own heads, when
 You can by your own works
 Obtain salvation.

Night. Oh tell me what is the cause
 These sacred walls to fall,

Is it by a just and sacred God ?
 That you have so long
 Worshipped as a true Redeemer ;
 Will he send devastation
 And desolation, and make
 All his followers slaves to
 Infidels ? Now why can you
 Call on the just and sacred God
 When he builds up kingdoms
 And Empires, and say
 That he is the cause of all
 Things. Do you charge him with
 Infamy. You say he is just and
 Sacred ; and yet the author of sin.
 Oh ! you poor bigot behind me get,
 You deserve not the name of a man
 To slander your sacred God.

Deist. An quisquam suen ussus
 Honro sui ut crucio,
 But there are many
 That know the cause
 Of his existence ; there
 Is not but one cause
 That power made every
 Thing exist. You say
 Man is free to act ; when he was
 Designed for some purpose
 Do you think your philosophy
 Is true—will it bear reasoning,
 You must be insane
 To think that such philosophy
 Is true ; you take the power
 From God when you say
 That man is free. For he was created
 By an overruling, all-wise, ever
 Existing, made everything to act
 As he designed it. As the worlds
 That are unknown to man perform

Their revolutions harmoniously:
And man, who is the king
Of the land ; can visit
Different worlds, converse
With different nations
And take from the laboratory
Of Heaven ; the electricity
That will raise man from the dead.
All these things are carried on
By one power. That power
Is the God of all. If
Man was a self-creator
He would be free to act,
But now he is dictated
By a power that guides him
Harmoniously as he does
Jupiter around the sun.

Priest. Oh you vain wise and self
Conceited, wise in your own
Wisdom for there are more
Of the Church or State will
Agree with you ; deprive
Man of his liberty ? You say
That he is not free to act
Because he is not a self
Creator, Cannot that high
All-wise, powerful being create
A man free.

Deist. I say he cannot. If out
Of the power of God or man
To create anything free to act
As I have said before, it acts
As it was designed. It was
His intent. At the foundations of
The world to make all things
Work consistent ; because you
Differ from me. You have
No right to call me an

Infidel. This pleases the
 God of Nature, to see many
 Deluded by one. This was so
 Designed by him, that one
 Man may be thousands ;
 It is out of the power of you
 To tell, what the spirit of
 Your God is ; and yet you
 Say that you are called
 By him to preach his law,
 But all the acts of man ;
 His transgressions, the
 Violations of the law, and all
 The prayers that he utters
 Will not turn his face,
 It will not send him to Heaven
 Nor keep him from Hell.

riest. Do you think there is a Heaven ?

rist. No ! I think there is no Heaven,

Only his grave ; that is eternal
 Happiness. He never awakes
 From his slumber ; His spirit
 Never rises, to be wafted by
 Earebut upon the liquid sulphur
 Of Tartarius. He has no
 Spirit to arise. He is born
 Without a spirit, dies without
 A spirit, and saved by the
 Arm of his sacred God.

riest. This God that you say

Is your just God,
 That you say saved you
 In the name of Heaven, and all
 That is sacred—what was
 That to be saved of you ?
 You say that you have no
 Spirit, and I declare by all
 That man has a spirit—

A spirit of life and nothing more.
 You must be a fool, like all
 Other Deists, that endeavor to
 Prove that man is not free,
 And has not a soul for
 Salvation. I would be one of
 The most wretched beings in
 God's Kingdom, if I did not
 Believe that I had a soul
 For salvation.

Deist. When I speak of the soul
 I mean that part of man
 Which you say is capable of
 Salvation after death, and
 I still hold to the doctrine,
 It cannot be proved there is
 Anything that exists after death
 You may believe as strong as
 You have a mind, because
 You have been deluded, it does
 Not prove that you have a
 Soul to exist after death—
 And from the foundations of the
 Egyptian Empire to the
 Formation of American Republic
 Ten thousand fools, like thee,
 Have been deceived—and
 If you would ask them
 The question reason that
 They believed in the resurrection,
 It would be conclusive as
 Platos reasons of the sand,
 It always did exist, and
 Always will exist.

Priest. Non quam livi lid
 Dens rego.

Night. Quiiscior sum homo
 Cum dens simi litudera.

It is true we are told
That man is found after
The image of God—no
Man ever saw God—he is,
No one can define his attributes.
I have seen many that have said
They have conversed mouth to mouth
As who says that he is an
Insane man—deprived of
All principles of morality,
He only wishes to delude,
Lead man from the path
Of truth.

Dame. Come with me—step upon the
Dick of this golden slip,
Let us be wafted by the
Gentle breeze o'er the sacred
Waters—as they roll gently
Beneath her golden breast;
I have the best harps, the
Most splendid lyre, those
With me that can send
Forth the songs that would amuse
The Goddesses, the Angels of Heaven,
And fetch a smile upon the
Great Jehovah's countenance,
The best wine that ever from
Italy sent. Oh! come with
Me and drink deeply, come
Now and take your pleasure,
Wash from you the holy waters,
That on you have sent
By those bigots, that you have
So long had their company
On you forced. It would be
Like going from the vaults of
Hell on the golden path to
Paradise. Oh! why, why can

You stay with those corrupted
Devils, which wish to sup at
Your sacred blood. For Heaven's
Sake come and drink with me
And ride upon the gold sacred
Waters.

Night. Oh my sacred Goddess
It is almost out of my power
To resist your kind and
Benevolent offer. You have
Offered me all that is in the
Power of any one to offer
It is next to the blessings of Heaven,
And many things you have
Offered that the great Jehovah
Himself would not give, although
He made wine for man to drink.
Oh, I must say to thee my
Beloved Melissa, I cannot go,
If I should leave these hellish
Subjects it would be like going
Where a new swarm could on
Me light, and sup the last drop
Of blood from my heart.
They are full and I am happier
Than if I should leave them.

Dame. You seemed to be frightened
Thinking that I should carry
You where you would find a
New swarm of Devils. I'll
Swear by all that is sacred
In Heaven, the God of Justice
Shall protect you, if I do not,
It is out of my latitude to
Sail where I cannot breathe
The holy air, and I never will
Carry you into the vaults where
You will be in worse torment,

For you are in the deepest of
Torment. Oh! why can you
Refuse to go with me, and
Obtain holiness, come and drink
From this golden cup the
Sacred wine and saving ordinance.

Light.

It is vain for me to resist
Then at this time; I will
Drink, and upon your golden
Ship ride o'er the sacred water
As it gently rolls beneath her
Golden breast. I have heard
Mad Poets say, all Goddesses
Are treacherous. If the last
Drop of my blood was in
This cup, it would be to thee
That I would swear, and
Drink that are the honest
One that I have found.
I would as soon place
Myself in the position of you,
As quick as I wou'd in the
Hands of some great Deity. You
Have raised me from the
Vaults of Tartareons, pulled
From my heart the glittering
Spear, gave me wine to
Drink when I had nothing but
Singed sulphur to quench my
Thirst.

Priest.

I am not given to reason,
We are told by the word of
God to keep his law. This is
Man's guide to him from Heaven
Was sent, and handed to us down
By Moses. We are told not
To contend with Infidels,
And fear that we may throw

Pearls before swine. If you
Will arise and say that God's
Law is not the guide for man.
He has not the power nor knowledge
To make laws for you to live
By, then let the Deists, Nights
And Atheists—from the
Assembly and make laws
For the Gods to live by.

Deist. We have never said that
God was inferior to man,
Was not capable to make
Laws to rule the land—
But you are the one that
Takes from him his power
And will not give him the
Honor of presiding over his own
Subjects.

Priest. You say all things come by chance
There is no God excepting the
God of Nature. He has not the
Power to raise kingdoms,
Empires, Thrones and Dominions,
If by the power of God and
God alone, that raises them
And thus is the God of Nature.

Deist. True I said there is but one.
God and that God is the
God of Nature, and there is no
Other God. And man
Without his aid cannot
Do the least thing,
Or bring anything into
Existence without the agency
Of this Almighty power,
It would have been in vain
For man to raise the towering
Walls of Egypt or Rome,

Or confounded the tongues of
Nations, and yet you say that
Man is free.

'riest. What is the reason of your
Doctrine—all the acts of
Man before you every day
Prove that man is free.
Reflect for a moment, and you
Can see—look yonder, on
That rugged cliff. See those
Two stout hearted Spaniards,
See them striving for each others
Life. He has thrown his glittering
Spear to his heart—he has fallen.
Will not that act alone
Convince you that man is
Free. And yet you say that
It is God presides. Oh!
How can you place upon him
This Infamy! You blend upon
Him good and evil—and say from
One fountain both spring.
How can you say from a
Fountain of holiness, the
Corrupted spirits of Tartarous
Spring.

Deist. Are you so blind, your mind
So small, that you cannot
Follow the golden charm of
Reason. I say the spirit
Done all these works. Every thing
Works to please him—and you
Have no right to say what is
Sin or what is not. It may
Please him to see nations
Against nations, and ten thousand
Of his noblest subjects bleeding,
And yet may be pleasure to him—

And yet, you say it is a sin
If this was not the will of God
Why would it be done. For he
Has formed the spear and placed it
In his hand, to shed the blood
Of his sacred son—and left the
Jews yet in their sins, and
By his hand has driven them
O'er the world. Oh! you poor
Fool behind the Gate, if you
Can't read better than you
Have yet.

Night. I have returned, I have seen
The towering halls of China,
The ruined temples of Greece and Rome
And the place where our beloved
Saviour gave his life. I must
Say that there is a God that
Presides over the destinies of man
After I have seen this desolate
Land—and after reading the
Prophecies of Saints—the Christian
Has the best guide. I have for
Many days been driven by the
Tempests upon the main like,
And iron which has no point
To sail left in the dark shades
Of devastation, and stood upon
The verge of hopeless despair,
I can no longer withhold the
Invitations of salvation.

Deist. By what one have you been
So deluded—before that
Goddess went, you had a
Consistent mind, but by some
Power, whether 'twas by that
Goddess or by some bigoted
Priest—you have been turned

From your true doctrine,
The last night that we
Together drank, you to me
Declared, that those believers
In the resurrection, were insane.

I thought that I was wise,
And I could reason and
Confound the angels of Heaven
But I have drank and drank
Deeply of the fountain of knowledge,
And found from my sacred God
And obtained salvation. That
God of reason whom I have
So long held to—is not the
One for my guide. You with
Me drank to him, as we would
To Bacchus, but I beseech thee,
Oh! friend! In the name of
Heaven, and the Goddess of truth
To come with me. As long
As you have been wandering
And drank to every fountain
Of knowledge, how is it possible
That you have not found the
Gods of Salvation.

I have found him and would not
Sacrifice my gods for ten
Thousand fictitious ones like
Yours. He never has advanced
To you the knowledge that can
Tell the causes and effects. Faith
Is all you have, and faith is what
Saves you from damnation,
And despise the God of Reason.

Oh! how can you speak thus
Against one that has turned
To God—we must take the
Sacred writ, before reason,

For that is not the guide for
Man, for every one reasons for
Himself, they think they reason
Correct and yet is false, and this
Makes the different doctrines
And each sect think the other
False. That we must turn
To the standard, as the
Counsellor does to his books,
For if each one was allowed
To establish a law for himself
There would be no need of counsel
No need of one to preach the
Word of God—the Atheist, the
Deist, and the midnight Assassin
Would declare that they were
Doing right—but you know
According to the God you
Hold to, we must have a
Guide that is given by some
Higher power than man.

Deist. It is true we must have,
But you seem to class me
With the Atheist. I will
Pardon you on this point, for
You know not the difference.
Their doctrine is more inconsistent
Than yours. I wish to have you
Tell me before we part, what
The spirit is that lives not to die.

Priest. I cannot define, but I believe
And have faith that man is a
Spirit of sensation after life
And I would sacrifice my own
Life before I would give up
This belief. For that God
The true God is my hope,
Nou fra lasiadmon

ight. **Prossom relectus scrilo.**
I should you would not
Write, if you had no more
Than you have used
You are deprived of all
Common sense. You have
Here approved, advanced your
Doctrines, and argued faith
Against Reason. You have
Failed in every point, and
Fetched disgrace upon
Yourself and upon your sect,
I wish not to sustain your
Deistical doctrines, nor I will
Not go with thee, but he has
More reason, as I have
Said before to confound the
Angels of Heaven, but you
Are deluded by the prophecies
Of Daniel and believe that man
Can ascend to Heaven.
Yet I do not hold to the
Same God that he does,
Nor to your God. I have
A God of my own, and that
Is the God of Truth.
But I believe that man
Is saved, but it is impossible
For one to ascend to Heaven,
But he is saved in the grave
Of Eternal sleep. But I
Will pardon thee on this
Point if you will declare
That you wish the Deist
Will never more enter
For they can confound the
Wise of thine that ever spoke
For they have the God of Reason

To contend divine against the
God of Faith.

Dame. Come let us go to the forest
Chase and leave those halls of
Solitude and desolation, leave
This superstitious sect of this
Land—I had rather listen to
The howlings of the wolves, the
Shrieks and groans of the
Dying soldier, than to listen
To the inconsistent doctrines of
That old divine. Come with
Me my noble Night; this night
We will spend in songs
And the giddy dance, and
Drink the sacred wine from
The golden cup.

A T R A G E D Y.

Charles of York. He mounted his
Steed, he sprang with all
His might, and said, come ye
Sportsmen boys to the battle ground,
His foes on him rushed—spring
Ye noble warriors with all your
Might—Give no quarters unto the
Rebels! They have sought for my
Life, and I will give no quarters
Without a cause. They are thirsting
For my blood. Once I had
Done them a kindness, and I supposed
That they were my friends,
I would sacrifice my life in
The battle-field—but now I will
Do all that is in my powet,
And pray for the assistance
Of the Gods of War. Your

Life, your honor, are all
Dependent upon this battle,
If you succeed in this cause
Your name is forever inscribed
Upon the books of Fame
And remembrance, and by all that
Is in Heaven, Oh ! my noble
Warriors, if we do not succeed
In this battle against these
Hellish foes, we are forever
Placed in obscurity,
Despised, forsaken, and called
Traitors to our country,
Oh ! I all beseech thee in
The name of Heaven, the Gods
Of honor and fear liberty !
Will you die with this disgrace,
Go down to your grave with that
Name inscribed upon your
Forehead, a Traitor to your
Country. He paused for a
Moment—all was silent,
He gave a command, our
Foes are coming, we must
Fight for our lives. Oh ! we must
Fight ! They to battle entered,
The sounding of the spears, as
Loud as the distant thunders of
Heaven, as they clashed. The
Fire from them illuminated
All around, as if electricity
From Heaven was sent.
The battle was long, but
Charles had to fall ; his arm
Was too weak to wield his
Sceptre against his foes.
They on him rushed, and
From his breast plucked his



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Noble heart, and upon his
 Glittering spear carried it,
 And sung the songs of joy,
 That they this rebel had conquered.
 But all those that were saved
 Of Charles' army wept and sighed,
 And said, I would have willingly
 Have given my life to save my
 Leader. I had rather die
 Than to return to my native
 Land with the corpse of
 Charles.

Peter of Lancaster. Weep not you noble soldier
 You fought with all your power,
 You fought like brave soldiers.
 If Charles were living now,
 He would not condemn you,
 His spirit will meet you in
 Heaven, and there will give
 Honor; and when your
 Countrymen learn of this battle
 They will not despise you.

Peter the Great. Art thou so mean—I
 Thought you were my friends,
 You have taken my brother's heart
 From his thorax—you have proved
 Treacherous. You declared by all
 That is sacred, that you as
 A nation did hold his
 Works to be sacred, because
 His arm was weak, and true
 To his country. You wish to
 Dethrone him, but may the
 Gods of justice do justice to you.

Charles. I appear before you once more,
 You have taken from me
 Nothing more than my heart,
 My spirit yet exists. You

Cannot do me harm,
And I will return on thee
With ten thousand hosts,
Like the voice speaking from
Heaven, and give them command,
And you may strive—and strive
With all your powers, but it
Will be in vain to reach me:
When I over you preside,
And by the consent of Heaven,
I will disperse your land,
You called me a coward, when
I was your counsellor—but now
I will make thee tremble,
Groan and fall before me, and
Weep—because it was not right.
I refused your wishes,
You had to call me a traitor.

Garlqus. I say you have not courage,
You fought like cowards,
Obliged not to save your
Country, nor keep your
Independence, only like
All other cowards, fought to
Save your lives. If your
Spirit has appeared, and
You have boasted of your
Fame and power, and declared it
Is sanctioned by the Gods of
Heaven that you spread desolation
O'er the land.

Vascount Enters. Oh! stop my noble lords,
Do not spend your time
Conversing with a coward—
Although he says that he
Enacted good laws—had
Good intent—but his actions
Prove that he is using his

Greatest endeavors to become
King of the land. I considered
Him a man, when I first
In council saw him. I
Supposed that he was true to
His country—but since I
Saw his last administration
I would as soon thrust a
Dagger to my heart, as to
Live under him—for I had
Rather die by my own cause,
Than to have a scoundrel
Take my innocent blood.
For it is more honor to man
To die a freeman, than to die
A slave, and have to take his
Own life. Oh! he is gone,
No more will that polluted
Flesh, or corrupted spirit, bring
Pestilence into this sacred and
Glorious country.

Martha. Oh! how can you speak thus of
My friend and lover, as he is. You
Once loved, and now his greatest
Foe, how can it be possible—
The strongest nerves affection
That ever between two existed.
I thought they existed between
You I should—the angels
Of Heaven had been turned
Out, and paradise converted
Into a Hell, as soon as
To think that the ties would
Have been broken between you two.

Nancianus. Is he your lover? I had
Rather love the heathen than
Such a coward.

Martha. He is not a coward—look

At the history of his battles,
 He suffered to have his heart
 Taken from its theoris. See
 The manner that he spoke
 To his noble soldiers. With
 The greatest eloquence, he used
 The most exertion to urge
 Them on to battle.

Nancianus. He is a coward! It is
 Sanctioned by the Gods of War.
 I saw him run to the forest,
 He left his armour to save
 His own life—when he needed
 His assistance.

Martha. He did not wish to contend
 With the Barbarian, who is devoid
 Of all principles of honor
 In state or in war. He would
 As soon sacrifice the life
 Of his dearest friend to
 Carry out his design—as he
 Would to do him a kindness,
 Oh, why can you blame him
 For not wishing to contend
 Against such a Heathen.

Belgamus enter. You have been speaking of
 Honor—what do you know,
 If you had lived in the time
 Of the Spartans, or seen the Greeks
 Besiege Troy, and seen how
 The Romans fought, how
 Willingly the Americans flew,
 Their blood for liberty, then
 You might know what
 One would sacrifice for
 Honor, you may flatter
 Yourself that you were as
 Brave as some of the G. S. W.

Goddesses, or the Spartan dames
You would faint to see the
Glittering spear thrust to the
Heart of your dearest friend
And much less you dare
Not enter into the battle field,
And yet you have insulted
Martha because she loved
Charles the Great. Before you
Try to defend others, examine
And see if you are perfect.

Peter. What cause have you
To insult this dame.
She has not tried to
Injure you, she has never
Tried to dishonor you
In war. Oh! you have
Made her weak, for you
Have forced yourself into her
Company, degraded her,
You have sent to her more
Than a Barbarian would
To his oppressive foe. From
This hall flee! Or I will thrust
A spear to your heart,
And never let me hear
You ever speak that to a
Goddess of honor.

Cad. I am not the man, but I
Can teach you your letters
And honor.

Peter. Why do you not
Show it in your conversation
You know nothing of literature,
And yet you have the audacity
To tell me that you can
Teach me my letters and honor.

Cad. I assert again I can do it,

I have taught the wisest in
 Rome, and you are only wise
 In your own conceit. Thus
 You spoke light of one in
 A slanderous tone, ask
 Me if I was not the man
 That introduced letters into
 Greece. You did it to insult
 Me; by the powers above, if
 Those words from your lips
 Ever fall again. I'll have
 Your carcass upon the Anutounist's
 Table for dissection, and let
 Them see what a corrupted
 Heart that is enclosed within
 Such vile apparel.

Edward. What do you think of
 Isaih.

Peter. I think he is a great writer
 But given to licentiousness.

Edward. Don't charge him with that
 Infamy. One of the greatest
 Writers—the Great Jehovah
 Ever employed—you have the
 Audacity to say that one of
 Gods holy children, is
 Led away to licentiousness.

Peter of Athens. Do you think that is charging
 With Infamy? The best part
 That ever wrote, was given
 To Licentiousness and his cups,
 And why if this is sanctioned
 By the Gods, why can you
 Charge him with doing wrong
 When we are commanded to
 Replenish the land, and yet one
 Of the great writers tell us
 It is better to live as I live,

But we know not because he never
Married, but did as Solomon did.

Mathias enter. I think he was a good and
Virtuous man, but still we must take
Into consideration the time
That they lived. They honored
The Gods of Wine, and what
We think is licentious, they
Think is virtuous.

Peter. I ask your pardon if I have
Offended you. I did not think
You belonged to the same class,
But now it gives me impression
That you like your cups and dames,
As he who kept five
Hundred concubines.

Mathias. What under you—do you intend
To make me mad. I did not
Come this eve to fight with
You, or contend for the
Honor of ancient sages.
They acted as they thought
Was consistent and you say
That I am given to licentiousness—
Retract those words or I never
Can see you as my friend.

Peter. Let me drink, lay all these
Hard feelings aside, let us
Go to the theatre, and when
We return, dance till three
O'clock in the morn, and drink
This sacred wine. Oh! I am
Your friend, I did not intend
To hurt your feelings.

Elvad. The rays of the glittering moon at
Midnight lighted her path
Through her father's palace ;
Next I saw her with her lover,

He from her rosy lips took
The parting kiss, and bid her
Adieu, and lovely Melissa wept.

Peter from Varuna. It is our only design to
Live for each other's happiness. It
Is our duty to sacrifice our
Own interest often times to
The interest of our fellow-beings.

Jared. Oh! why can you say this. Is
Man to sacrifice his happiness
Because one other man disobeys
His laws, is he to give up
All that he has, when he
Sees his friend in trouble.
This is against the laws of
Nature, and the God of Nature,
When you advocate this
Doctrine, I know that he will
Not think it true.

Peter. This makes you tremble, when
I tell you the sacred truth.

Jared. We know by experience and every
Day's observation, that it is the
Law of nature. If it was not
It would never be sanctioned.

Mariha. Oh do not make so light
Of this guilt, oh it is a
Sacred question, and the
Gods of redemption.

Lord Saltus. I think that is not wrong
For man is given to lust,
For it is so decreed by all
Above, that the laws that
Dictate man, do not keep
Him from licentiousness,
For I have been in the Church
These ten years.

Bishop. This is not the place for you

To display eloquence, even if
You had it, but I am sure
That you have not—and you
Are a fool to appear in
The pulpit, before this
Literary audience.

Edward. You are talking of eloquence and
Why not of war. It is time for
You to prepare your country
This night is invaded.

Galleanus. I am an opposer of war. I wish
To speak of that which does not
Meet my desire, but is necessary
For the nation is invaded, to use
The greatest exertions to defend it.

Edward. I see that you are a coward,
I placed confidence in you,
But you have left me.
By that was the cause of my
Death, this night must I fall.

Narcianus. Must you fall this night.
Because the coward left?

Edward. When a man insists you
Have confidence,

Narcianus. He did it to obtain a favor,
Not of a good intent.

Bacarius. Come with me, I will
Relieve Edward, and fetch
Him from the enemy;
And may the Goddesses
Sing, as they on the rugged
Clefts stand—and may the
Tempest and the waves obey
His command—as the
Lofty Pine buds to the
Tempest, may his foe bow
To him and ask pardon,
And may he drink from
The fountains, and if he need

For assis'tance, let the rolling
Spirits rise in the battle field.

Naucianus. Oh ! this is not too much for
You to do. O noble Bacarious,
I will add to what you
Said, when his bones are
Mouldering, may the noble
Spirit arise and proclaim
His fame.

Rice. You belong to a noble sect ;
You say that you belong to
The Baptists, and think that you
Are the holiest of all Christians.
And yet your sect is raised
By those who are the most corrupt
Of any Christian sect.

Martha. He is a man, why do you
Speak thus of him.

Rice. He is not a man. I saw
Him steal a quarter from the
Eyes of a corpse, and yet you
Call him a Christian.

Martin. This is no harm, for it is his
Father. He wished to keep the
Estate in his own hands.

Dulap. Why have you tried to defame
This man. He is the first in the
Church. You did not speak
Of the time he was imprisoned.

Rice. This makes me tremble ; I think
I have more conscience now than
I ever had before. That a man
Of the church would steal, and
Take the money that closed his
Father's eyes. Oh ! for heaven's
Sake thrust this scoundrel to
The lower regions, and let him
Sup for ever on the liquid sulphur.

Lorenzo. This is too hard ; he has repented
Three times. Let him go if he
Will take his oath to never steal
Again.

Duke. I have received enough of your insults ;
It makes my blood curdle.
If you were a man of fame,
I would through your heart
Thrust this glittering dagger.

Cad. I saw the Duke enraged :
The dagger in his hand roved.
As I turned to speak to my
Friend I heard a groan, and
I turned to leave, and saw his
Foe bleeding upon the ground.
No question was asked ; he mounted
His fiery steed, and to forest went.

Brothelus. I saw the Duke three years from
That time in Paris ; yet he was
Not happy, and I could not see
That he was miserable, for he
Enjoyed himself with the Count,
And three times a day with
Strangers. Oh ! what a looking
Eye ; it looked horrible ;
It looked like fire.
I gave him my hand,
We parted, but he could
Not speak.

Alburton. Oh ! must I say it, my friend,
This day I leave you for
A foreign clime, and I wish
That you could with me.
Go and leave those behind—
But here are my words,
Farewell, my lord Alburton.

Vascount. He this day in prison placed
For speaking of his rights and of

His own country, and show to the
Lords how his nation had
Been used, and he made this
Wish in the halls of legislation,
That Ireland might be
Free. They seized him
And placed him in bondage
For this. He rested confind
In chains until his friends
Made England tremble, and
They threw the doors open,
And when he came to the
Bar to speak, he found none
That dare oppose him. When
He spoke, all before him
Trembled; the beasts of the woods,
Where the noble lion to them
Roars, all was silent as
If the lyre of heaven had been
Touched. O! may he who
Presides over empires, give
Consent that this mighty
Arm rise the sceptre and
Make Britain bow as she
Has made nations bow to her.
What would be more amusing
Than to hear her with cannons
Going down to the pit.
But if we render evil for
Evil, it is nothing more
Than what she deserves.
Oh! let her fall; she shall
Fall, there is nothing that can
Save her. You can see it
Inscribed upon the golden
Heavens. "England shall fall"
She by her own works has
Fetched the fire upon herself

And such weight will finish her.

Not as soon as Ninevah.

When Jonah made the declaration.

Alburton. What is the cause of England

Committing that injustice

Upon China. She had no

Cause, she had no honor.

She never has shown honor

Nor respect to nations. She

Would never give quarter

Only when she was forced to.

Vascount. See how the Romans used the

Greeks; how insulting the Roman

Counsellor spoke to them,

'Then turn to noble Britain,

She is perfect to what Rome

Was.

Rechint. Virtuous, fair and noble form,

Her eyes as brilliant as Mars,

She moves with the dignity of

Grecian goddess, and yet she is

A British dame. I cannot

Bear to hear you speak thus

Of England. The ties of love

Are as strong as Cleopatra's

Was for Mark Anthony;

She would give her life

Before she would see her

Friend massacred. O never let

Me ever more hear you speak

Thus of Britain.

Vascount. I did not intend to say

Any thing but what is true,

And I can prove it. I

Will declare that I will

Not retract one word.

Pickins. Do you intend to insult me,

So superior to thee. And as

You have taken the dignity
To talk to lords, and I the
Least of them all, if you
Commence conversation again
I will lay thee lifeless.
Here you coward, inferior as you
Are, beneath notice of a slave.

Vascount. A lord. How did you come
By this name. You know not
Your letters; cannot write
Your name. And yet you
Call yourself a lord; a
Nobleman from England!
You poor fool! Go to your
Glorious country and live under
The lion, and never again come
To America to boast of your
Order. Go with the disgrace
Upon yourself, as your
Countrymen did when they
Last fought and tried their
Bravery.

Pickins. She had respect for your country.
She might this day had you
In bondage. She has protected
You. Without her assistance
You could never have been.
And this is sanctioned by
All that is sacred and declared
By all, that Britain alone
Gave birth to this noble Republic.
It is signed and sealed by him
Who presides over your country.

THE COUNSELLOR.

O thou art a sage ; into the
 Courts you do appear with great
 Dignity, and arise before the
 Jury to proclaim your eloquence.
 And yet you are despised by
 Every one ; so mean, so inferior,
 That you do not deserve the name
 Of counsellor. I said that
 You were a sage ; considered so
 Only by yourself. When you
 Abroad do go, you would assume
 A dignity of some British lord.
 Last night I saw you walk through
 The classic halls, and the day
 When all around you was
 Silent, listening to the eloquence
 Of the orators of the day, you
 Had to arise amongst the
 Multitude in order to obtain
 Notice ; you were at home,
 There was no more notice
 Taken of you than of a slave,
 And you bore the name of
 Stealing swine, and yet you boast
 Of being the noblest son of
 Mount Vernon. You are so
 High in your own estimation
 That you can ascribe your
 Name on the sacred concave
 Heaven, and touch the sacred lyre
 And counsel with the gods.
 If this was true, what would
 Not God's noblest works say
 - For counselling with such a man.
 But he in never counsel fell,

You would make the gods blush
And hide their faces upon the
Several altars to such a being
Appear before them. He from the
Sacred fountain sprung, but by
Some cause he in the holy
Water was tintured by some
Corruptible essence. But he is
Nourished so long it is necessary
To take every drop of blood
And cleanse his heart, and from the
Living spring of holiness give
To him a new birth. He was
The first of the church, and three
Times a week he with the priest
Had quarrelled, and on one Sabbath
Morn he plucked the right eye
From his bishop, because it
Offended him and not the bishop;
And thus he misconstrued the
Holy Writ. The Deacons to
Him went, and asked him the cause
Of this assault, if thine eye
Offend, pluck it out. You
Have quoted this wrong, it is
"Thee." If that is the case, I
Will return the eye to this
Bishop again. I drink wine
Every Sabbath morn, and eat
Of bread: and know why I
Keep his commands, then
I am sure that I shall
Live and see heaven.
O listen to this insane man,
He pollutes the holy church of
God, and yet is sure of eternal
Salvation, and he says that he
Holds counsel with him, and

Present an account, and if it is
Questioned, and they will not receive
Him in, I have a kingdom of
My own and lord it myself.
The streets are paved with gold,
And the sacred fountain as
Of Paradise, and those who come
To me I will not do like
Other lords, send them away
To Tartarus.

THE COQUET.

She was courted
By a young count, a
Sage by name, but
Not by letters and books:

He practised law, she
Thought he was a
Man of fame. She after
His hand did seek.

But it was in vain for her
To obtain it at that time,
Because he courted a
Fairy dame of England.

He then left this one
On some unknown cause,
And then he on *this one* did call
And offered her his guilty hand.

She then would not accept
His hand, for lord Thompson,
The wealthy one of Paris,
Her company kept anon.

He then could not return
Unto former one,

He was too proud
To bow to any.

Lord Thompson her company
Kept until he found
The faults of his treacherous
Goddess, he left her in sadness.

Then she wrote a letter to this
Young counsellor, if you now
Will accept my hand
I will to thee prove true.

O no, by the gods of Italy, }
And long as angels sing,
And Erebus wafts the blast of
'Tartarus, I'll ne'er accept.

I would once deprive
Myself of comfort
In order to gain your hand,
But now I never will.

May the blessings of heaven
Fall upon you, as the gentle
Dews upon the meadow, or the
Rays of a summer sun.

O when she received my words
She wept, she sighed ; I have
Brought this fate upon myself, she cried,
I had rather die than live.

O my sacred guardian,
If it had not been
For Theogonus,
I this day were happy.

But he proved treacherous ;
Although I said I brought
The fate upon myself,
I ought not to trust his word.

Gallenus and Aristotle, Theophrastus
Ought to be revered
To all coming time,
And all their faults forgotten,

If their doctrines were
Not all true, if
Not all proven so to us,
We must make allowance

For the time they wrote.
They were sincere in their doctrines,
As much as Plato was in his,
When he wrote of the soul of man.

You may drink your
Wine to Nacenus.
And they will to Beldona,
And honest Socrates as much as Plato.

Plato's works are immortal
As the Apocrypha is to man,
But the church yet sustains,
For they build upon hypothesis.

O! let us drink and close the scene
Of sporting upon the Holy Writ,
For they will be as happy in their
Way—in a lie as the truth.

If they have a mind to believe
That man has three souls,
And believe that all will be saved,
They are happy in that belief.

And that man who believes
That he will ride in a
Golden chariot, and carried on
The wings of angels in the skies.

He is as sincere, and thinks his
Doctrine is as consistent,
And if you try to reason,
He will call you a fool,

And turn aside in disgust,
And pointing to heaven,
O there is a God that will
Judge in coming time.

MARRYING FOR WEALTH.

Oh 'tis better to have
Love and union than to have
Discord—although he can
Abound in wealth, and obtain
The fairest hand of beauty.
It is better to live poor
And live happy with your love,
Than to have ten thousands a year
And be in torment. But there
Are many that will sacrifice
Their happiness for wealth
Of a few pounds sterling. But
I had rather see union
And love sporting in the
Dance, drinking the wine,
If this can be obtained.
Oh, what is more painful
Than to see a lord war
With his lady.

Thus the doctor spoke
And unto the fairest one
Ever was seen to walk.
She wept to hear him speak
So affectionately. You must be
True or very treacherous to gull
Her. I will sacrifice my life
To thee, my noble gooddess.
If these words are not sincere
Only this night accept my hand.
Oh she put her hand to her
Face and wept, sincerely, as he thought.

She only did so to deceive him.
Then she spoke of her character,
He was blind to her faults,
And thought her speeches true.
But as with all others, she
Lied. But one night the
Light to him appeared. He
Plainly read the tale marked
On her heart, "traitor."
Oh why can you speak thus,
I have always proved sincere.
Oh do not leave me so. Let
Us enjoy our souls.
Arise and sport in the dance,
I have all to my command,
Only accept my hand—I
Will to thee give all my charms,
Thus he could not withstand
This—he fell into her open arms
As she wiped the tear drop from
Her eye, he laid his hand
Upon her heart. May Heaven
Witness this moment, and I
Will swear to thee protect.

A SKETCH.

I saw thee in
Her golden robes,
And on her crown
Rested a wreath of wisdom.
Which by some
Was thought to be
Greater than Newton's,
Or Demosthenes, or Socrates.
His mouth was
Like the one that

Fed the goose that
Laid the golden egg.
Manv obeyed for
Fame, and let him
There discern it was
Obtained by sacrifice.
Did I say sacrifice ?
Yes, sacrifice yourself
For you cannot sure,
Obtain it without.

DISSIPATION.

As Charles to the residence
Of his friend called on
Her, in rules she said
As in all lengths and shapes.
This Charles minded not
But kindly received her
He did not notice the
Dirt that covered her dress.
He saw nothing but the hags
Eyes meanwhile were following
The wandering stream, through
Valley and over the rocks.
The Psalmist swept his hand
Over his harp, and to
His lip she placed a cup
Kept none of sweeter taste.
He thought she loved
Him, until she from
Her bosom drew a dirk,
And spilled his heart's blood.
Oh, she cried for mercy
When she saw what
She had done. Oh she could
Not govern her temper.

She was the noblest
That in Vernon ever wouldst
I honor, not this treatment,
Oh ! obtain your right by Heaven.

She had around her white
Neck a golden chain
Which he gave her for
A token of his remembrance.

He has fame and more
This man admires his
Cat more than his dame,
And much a surly mastiff.

She placed the chain in
The hand which she
Drew the dagger from
And left in mirth.

At first she was
Amused, and then
Solitude came. She
Mistook the sorrows of lovers.

From the foundation
Of the world, distress never
Has sprung from
Following the laws of virtue.

Charles swore by all
That's sacred in Heaven.
He loved his foul and
Damned lust—she left him.

Oh, why do many men
Rush as fools, to spend
Their time in the merry
Song and the giddy dance.

They are led by hands
Of imagination to burst
From the sacred bands of
Philos and become fools.

THE LIBERTINE.

As a wolf heart
On a innocent lamb,
He did intend on
Susan by affection.
He to her appeared
As if he had some
Regard—little love
For the friend he had named.

Oh, he in sacred
Words did declare, if
She left him, he
Would weep—weep in vain.

Like a devil from
The vaults of hell, he
Resembled which, he
Saw her cheek in bashfulness.

His eyes like a serpent
On the prey sparkled !
Oh, he felt as if the blood
In his veins would curdle.

Oh at this excitement
No contraction at the
Dreadful crisis of the act,
He fainted and fell.

Oh yes, he fell so low
He will never rise,
Oh, we will weep,
To see him weep !

Oh, if you forsake
Me now, I cannot
Oh I cannot live,
My only trust and guide.

Oh, I could not
Self hurt weep,

When I saw him
He wept for he had repented,
Oh, she in him
Had confidence,
Placed for reason he
First deserted her.

He never as in song
Was a man who had
The smiles of Heaven,
Found by the Angels.
Oh, we read much from
The deep old classic
Poets who in the
Infernal regions wandered.

Oh, may the spirit
Of Mar's and Neptune,
And Jupiter, and Apollo
And Minerva and Diana.
As they flourished
At the great battles of
The Grecian days
Be found again.

Many temples raised
To wisdom and honor
Were destroyed, and
Made a jubilee.

He on his noble front
Bore the noble
Goddess, and left
The index of fame.

His name was
Resounded on her
Heart which is
The place of affections.

Oh, the horrid tale!
He left all alone

Like sorest grief
Him far away, she thought.
He noble as the
Fall of ancient Greece
Died as his Susan
Unto him appeared.

A D R E A M .

O! the crystal waters that
Flow in the wandering stream,
Through the forest and o'er
The rugged cliff—where I
Have wandered and many a night have
Strolled, and on whose banks
Have laid me weary down
And mused upon the lull
Of falling waters, and the rays
Of the midnight moon
Would light my lone path.
I was alone ; no companion
Except the howling wolf. I
Passed the cots of savages,
Who sought the blood of the
Whites. Oh ! when I come
In the sight of one, how
Did I tremble. Then thinks
I, what a coward ! Then
I would be bourne upon
The dancing waves, by the
Tempests of destruction,
Bourne without a friend,
Without a farthing, I upon
The polluted Euxine was
Driven by the Powers of
Darkness and the Prince of the
Power of the air. But by
The hand of smiling

Heaven, the tempest ceased,
And around me the golden
Chain of protection was thrown,
And I was safe.
Then next I returned to
My native land, expecting
To find friends, but they were
Gone, all, all gone ! and
Some to their rest, and some
To distant climes. At first
I sat in the old mansion
Door reflecting, and said I,
O what is my destiny,
Am I to live this horrible life,
Does not the gods of Justice
And Benevolence preserve me
As well as others, or am
I destined for the world of woe.
O protect me in this hour ;
Give me a cup of nourishment
In this solitude—I feel as if
My purest blood was running
From my heart. I feel like
Death. O give me nourishment.
Let me drink at the fount of happiness,
Oh my protector, extend to me
That cup whose draught is
Joy ; let me drink deeply,
And let me never thirst again,
And rise where I shall be happy.

THE BATTLE.

I saw many in
Small groups, with
Their spears raised. O they
Waxed in ire—there was
A stream of fire from spear

To spear extended only.
At last the sky looks
Like a vault of fire
In the realm of Erebus !
At last no one was
Left to boast of their
Success in war. Each
One had a spear
Resting in his heart !
All was silent. No
Sounds were heard, no
Prayers were offered for
Salvation—there was no
One there to offer them.
O horrible was the fight !
I saw no luminations
There—no one that had
The mystery of him.
They to cast out and make
Him as a tiger to a helpless
Child. Nothing could
Please it more than
To sup in his blood.
Each troop were fighting
For their king. O her
Hand. The king rushed
His noble soldiers on, as he
Hastened to his side
The poor soldiers. Some
To each king, and their gallant
Ships stood waving their
Flags of fire above their heads,
And their hands extended
Towards the blazing heavens,
Asking of the gods of
War assistance. There
Were none given.
Each came to equals, and

Beneath their feet they
Trode their dying fellows
And wept, and then cursed
Their gods for their existence.
He who will ask such
An unjust assistance
From his God ought to be
Cursed ! Be no one
Left to ask of his
Own friends assistance
That he may obtain from
Others. O why do you,
O fools ! ask that thing.
Reason, if you ask an
Explanation, and if you
Reason correctly, you
Will find the answer,
If not from that, you
Cannot find correct
Comprehension fools ! to
The fountain from whence
All streams spring.
Thus you must admit,
That the God and the
God of nature is the
Author of all things.
Not but one God,
And that is the God
Of spirit. He who
Says he knows what
This God is, is a fool !
You may call him the God
Of nature, or the God
Of the world, it is the same,
Call no man an infidel
Whose devotion is under
Reason. O, for heaven's sake
Condemn a sectarian.

HOMOGINUS.

O Homoginus, Americ the great,
As he sailed on a tempestuous
Sea, the briny wave rolling gently
Beneath his feet.

And the fiery steed obeyed the
Rider, the tempter obeys
His command, and the
Infernal deities.

O Homoginus the mighty,
Arise from thy slumber;
Seize thy sceptre, and call forth
Thy noble warriors to battle.

For heaven's sake arouse,
Spill the cursed Briton's blood.
Will you suffer Ireland to be
In abject slavery? O no!

O suffer death, Homoginous,
Before you do it. She ought
To be free. O, if God is just,
Briton will tremble.

He wept, he mourned to see,
Ireland oppressed. O to God
Would I could free her
From the British tyranny.

O the afflicted fell, with
The spear quivering in his heart.
O horrible were his groans. O
Would that I could save him!

No more his voice is heard
On the hills. No more his
Counsel is heard in war. O
He is gone. O he is gone.

Like the rugged hemlock, he
Has stood the tempest, and

Now no more. His bones are
Wrapt in clay, and zephyrs sing his dirge
America was not the stage
Where he acted. He was American,
Of American principles. O
For heaven's sake give me liberty.

Can such a spirit die? No!
It will live in America.
If no where else. I think
It lives in heaven.

O! as I visited the ruins of
Carthage, it reminded me
Of the fate of Hungianus, to
See his ship sail in blood.

O his goddess' lasses were
Wasted by Zephyr on the polluted
Blood. Her sparkling eyes were
Covered with flowing gore.

She fell when her father was
Thrusting the sceptre at the foe.
He had wielded the sceptre
With terrible sway.

Next came his uncle; he
Commanded the fleet upon
The briny waters, many
Visions were on the sea.

His fame was known on
The Euxine sea. There
Were those that would
Contend in battle with him.

He was versed in the laws,
He would look down on
The inferior gods. To
Converse they were amazed.

His mighty arm, like the
Golden chain of heaven,

Bound all thrones and
Worlds harmonious.
He sought to make man
Happy with his mighty arm.
He protected them and
Learned them temperance.
He was aroused by the midnight
Tempest and the distant thunder.
He awoke to the lightning
Flashing in the concave heavens.
He saw his fate inscribed, and
Read it. He trembled as he
Looked to see those words—that by
The hand of the gods were written.

CASTLETON COLLEGE.

The preacher into his pulpit
Went on the sacred day.
O his fantastic language
Was amusing to those that heard.
He with dignity arose,
With his hands extended
Towards heaven, with his thrilling
Words exclaiming—God save the sinner!
O! a poor old man whose head
“Was silvered o’er with age,” hearing
His words, he wept and trembled
In fear of his eternal doom.
He counselled all to see if
His soul was safe. The preacher told
Them, you are commanded to
Sustain the Church of God.
This revived the old man, thinking
His gold might save him. The
Preacher told him your case is
Sure if you pay me ten pounds sterling.

Some were amazed. Strange
Performance was new to them.
His trifling words they never
Heard before. What eloquence!
The noble goddess before him
Sung songs to his praise, in
The name of the Lord. Thus the
Day was spent in worshiping.
Angels looked up to them
And wept. They in the golden bands
Stand as reflectors of the laws
Of the God they praised.
O we are told that his spirit
Comes in the form of Charity.
At first it dazzles the eyes
Of every servant of heaven.
She, with her high forehead and
Cheek bones, her mouth open
From ear to ear, her teeth
Projected, filled the church with song.
Her eyes like diamonds of
First water, glistened. Her hair
In graceful ringlets decked her
Neck, as Zephyr waved them.
By her side stood a dame
Like a Gracian goddess all the
Blushing dames stood at the head
And filled the house with thunder.

S A C R I L E G E .

The lofty walls and
Sacred alters were
Destroyed by those who
Were ambitious for fame.
While the altars were
Died with blood

From the holy lamb,
And by human hands.
If he did not consecrate
The blood to his God,
Once in seven days,
He was condemned.
And if they had a
Son of sin to the Gods,
And they would sacrifice
Him, and deck the holy altars.
They would say that this
Is doing the will of God,
For he was the son
Of sin, and they sacrificed him.
O, one in the age that
Wise men spoke, this
Does not please him,
To see you shed his blood.
For I can see the law written
Where it is plain to be seen
By mortal eye,
Thou shalt not kill.
He sincerely thought
Because his priests told
Him thus that he must
Take the life of his son.
Although he may think
That the priest tells him true
And decreed by the Gods,
All is not true.
Oh, for Heaven's sake
Oh, never be led astray,
Look and see the superstitions
Of olden times.
Why then was it their duty
To sacrifice an ox,

Upon the holy altar
 For their salvation.
 And the perfumes thereof
 Were an odour to them,
 In the sacred temple,
 To the pleasure of the Gods.

THE COUNT.

He with his dame
 On the golden floor
 In the dance, he
 Received her.
 She was beautiful and fair,
 Thus, as he considers
 She was fate bore
 To the honor of Greece.
 Her imagination was great
 And it is said that she
 Had touched the lyre
 Of David—King of old.
 She wore around her white
 Marble neck
 Three pounds of gold
 And sweet perfume arose.
 On her visit to her
 Father, she with her
 To her Count, but he
 Did not please her father.
 Although he was wealthy
 He was awkward as
 A country plow boy—
 He could not converse.
 He was not versed in
 Literature. He asked for
 His consent—no sooner
 Had he done this than

He was refused, and
From her father's mansion
Was driven— so he spoke
As he forward went.

You wretch ! you have
Deceived me. It was
By your gold that
Round you hung.

He left upon her rosy cheek
The index of his affection
Towards her, and thence
They together went.

They upon the noble ship
Together stepped, and to Athens
Went, against her father's
Will she married him.

When he heard of the news
He forbid her his house,
She answered his letter,
I wish to never to see you.

She affected the father
All, all, my estate
Is at your command,
If you will come to me.

No, I will not, I am
The fairest lad in the world —
You have forbid your mansion,
And I will not return.

I can have the pleasure
Of visiting the lonely caves,
And see the place where orators
Stood—You may die in solitude.

I could see the wolves sup
Your blood—you have abused
Me, and by the Goddesses of virtue.
I'll not forgive you.

As she these words penned,
His eyes did sparkle
And her countenance sent
Forth the expression true.

REFLECTIONS.

Sound the instruments of joy,
Oh, son of Egypt, make the slumbering
Spirits awake, may the symbol of
God be played by Angels in Heaven.

Art thou surprised for God's repentance,
Who created such a simple being
As man, who was created after his
Own image, he condemned it, O, heresy !
Condemned ! what, by God, when
He after rested from his labor,
Pronounced all things good—
But never condemned and sent to hell.

He after cutting and trying, like a
Tailor, on a garment, could not
Make man perfect stand. He
Had to disperse all from the land.

He with his mighty hand replenished
The earth, and left man in despair,
And condemned him lest
He saw that he was naked, and blush.

Man created to reason, and to
Behold all things—to see good from
Evil, reason to judge of them, and
Then condemned for beholding things.

Who repented, God or Man ? God
Repented, and for consolation sent the Deluge,
Then Noah in his Ark did wander
On the mighty main for days.

Then after his return to Noah's people
Said, I cannot be with you always.

Oh, how sad they looked The tears burst
From their eyes, when they had heard the tale.

Forsaken by God who created them,
And conducted their father on the
Mighty main, forsaken, Oh horrible !
Oh, better had they never been born !

Forsaken ! Oh, terrible is the thought, my
Only friend has left me in a land,
Of strangers surrounded by all the
Beasts of prey, without a shield or protector.

Can man, by his bad conduct, be
Made a servant of servants, and for
Many years bear the galling yoke,
And then join in the bands of joy.

Remember that you have a
Sacred God. If that is true, mind
And please him. If you displease him
It takes some time to calm his ire.

All children of God—none of the
Devils are commanded to obey him.
Commandments say you that belong to the
Devil obey his laws—obey their master.

Woman, second in creation,
And doubly refined, and within
Her God has framed
Deceitfulness—with all his power.

Oh, how could it be possible
That such a being could be
Taken from man, Moses
Tells us so, thus we must believe.

Thus, from the time of Adam,
Until the present, we find
Woman deceitful. By them
Into Rome were introduced harlots.

What greater curse could befall
A nation—even adding tears and

Griefs on man, until his
Life and house are turned to hell.
Oh horrible! what, a woman
Create a hell, such a lovely
Creature as she, with her rosy cheeks
And blooming breast, and marble neck.
Her sparkling eyes, and her
Goddess form. You would never
Think she thought of sin. She in
Her last car rode as cruel warriors.
Thus into society they will come,
And declare themselves virtuous,
Some may be, and say a
Connubial life adds to happiness.
Then by their noble form and
Deception, may lead away
Some noble minds, who think, alas!
That they are as honest as themselves.
Oh, when they discourse, their
Mistake in the fancied good
It is too late then to repent,
And so in grief must spend their days.
That makes many reckless,
Even Poets resort to the cup. I
Have seen this on eastern coasts,
And western banks and vales.
Find a bride and bridegroom in,
Harmony—you will find that
They in youth did marry—
Otherwise he is a fool for doing it.
Oh, I must say it. There are
Some that do better in connubial
Life, than to live single. May such
Beings live in peace hereafter,
I in my life but one whole
Year taken together have seen

That blessed couple, but what
Did with each other quarrel.
Oh, where I have seen one
Made happy, by joining in the
Bands of wedlock, I have seen ten
Made miserable—disgracing society.

O to heaven they could go
Thankfully without a farthing.
A family of ten they will
Try to support. At last they starve.

As I have been wandering on
The dreary coasts of time, I have
Seen a ship lost by leaving
Port in a tempestuous storm.

What is there more to be wished for
Than a noble goddess, and what
Is there that will hold to a man
More than a noble hearted maid.

And what is there that will make
More misery throughout the
World than a deceitful one,
For they are authors of sin.

She who is harmless in all things
Will please fools ; for they think of
Nothing more. If they should visit
Some foreign shore, they would tremble.

Some are taught in schools,
If you think wrong
You are condemned. As you
Must repent of every thought.

O then abstain from every
Flirtation with woman, she
May be paid as many are,
And yet fond of sin and deception.

So heaven—she could have
Been made perfect and added

To man's happiness. We know
Woman is as she was created.
We do say that sin is the devil, or
The devil is sin ; then we must say
Woman is the devil for she is the
Instigator of sin and corruption.
A goddess, first one I know
Of woman's race. She came, her
Golden hair and blooming
Breast, and her countenance too.
And a lovely dame she was,
They both were made insane
By some unknown cause ; some
Think on love and some on study.
We think if such minds are
So nervous to grasp what they desire,
That love is a poison
And insanity is horrible.
That raised to such extent to
Fail, they form any books.
Her head and her blooming
Cheeks fade, and dim her sparkling eyes.
She will possess all the force of
Intreague and deception,
And make the raging sea appear
Smooth as a fool to his love.
The cringing children and
Tattered clothes. The sheriff with
His writ for debt. O he thinks
It adds to man's happiness !
Thus nature and nature's
God seem to ask this together
To please the devil--for woman
Above all things must be pleased.
Thus as a bee with his continued
Buzzing around a lion's ear may

Arouse him from his slumbers,
So is the way with woman.
O when he is aroused by a
Mere insect, he is saying, To think
That such an insect awoke him
From his slumbers when he was quiet.
I think no harm of virtuous
Goddesses, but a deceitful one
Adds hell to paradise, and
Transformation is his fate, O man !
O ye who have traveled to the main
For many years, will you not
Consider with me, when your
Mind's unbiased by prejudices.

M A R Y .

From the high and low
Lands of Scotland to lovely
Greece, to the sacred land of
Ireland, no dame I adore as
Much as Mary from the towering
Mountains of Vermont. Into
My arms she would kindly fall,
O this is the dame I adore above all.
Sing ye of your goddesses of Greece
And Rome. None carried the
Sparkling eyes as the dame I adore.
Her words were music, it would
Amaze thee, like the song of heaven.
Her company was sought by sage and wise,
And how they told of her deportment fair
Of her kind heart and her sweet angel air.
Her black hair in ringlets hung
Profusely on her snowy neck,
Her blooming breast and throbbing heart
Made manifestations of love and sympathy,

Her slender arm was known
To wield the sceptre of war—she ruled
In the battle field, and by her vengeful hand
Dealt death and terror through the hostile band.
Adored by all that was noble in
Wars. Angels blushed, stood back.
Yes, they fell when they feared
Mary the goddess was offended.
The ranks were broken, and from
Heaven they came tumbling afar,
Arms on armor, like distant thunder ajar.
Then heaven was silent until
From the fright they had received
Coming to their senses they
One by one arose and looked around
To find themselves from heaven,
Driven with their artillery in
Hell. All those scenes of horror to forego
In that eternal world of helpless woe.
They quicken the flames as well
As being of different material.
They answer the purposes thus designed
Will not serve in all cases as witnesses
I don't say that Mary the goddess
Did right in frightening Mar's angels.
Oh light ! thus from the realm of day,
Thou burst upon the world and darkness flies away.
Not be Africa's, for their lips
Were not swollen, unless it was
Done when they fell. I have not
Seen them since, but groans
Are reaching thou judging heaven.
It makes those that are there tremble,
A chance if earth does not one day behold
No hearts in mart, no sinews bought and sold.

REDEMPTION.

From the Holy Land, a land
Many have been redeemed by
Their own faith in this, and
Have thus been saved.

Touch thy harp to all the
World, O Lord, if you can
Save the people from that
Place of dreadful woe.

Whatever is thy destiny,
But the creator in redemption
Will change it—if man
Was designed for pain there's no abuse.

O when man thinks that is
His destiny. O! horrible
The blood curdles in his arteries
This stops all resolution and life.

Obey thy father which in
Heaven, ye vain men,
Which have wandered from
The truth of God and Saviour.

By the power of Heaven we
Have our existence and do
Him we honor all the praises
Which we enjoy, Father in Heaven.

Thrust Atheists all away, O Lord!
Man must believe in thee
For there is nothing else
And nothing has existence but through thee.

There is a cause in the matter.
You cannot see it with a common
Eye, this lone cause man into
Existence without a cause.

There is a cause, that first caused
This matter to exist—as the

Electricity that exists in the
Warring clouds of Heaven.

Talk of mysteries—refer all to
God, that you cannot account
For, as the heathens did stop
Woe plagues of God, as you think.

Oh, fools, thou art who believe
That God as just God who
Will curse his people, who do
As he desired them to do.

Oh, lovely Irishmen whose
Blood flows in my veins,
Oh, lovely Americans whose land
Is my birth place.

For fame shall we abandon
All the sacred principles—will
You believe in destinies
Which is contrary to reason.

Oh ! believe in true salvation if
You will wandering on
The river Styx for an
Hundred years in hellish regions.

O ye that are given over
To hardness of heart by the
Curse of love. I command
You to turn to righteousness.

There is the law of treason,
And the law of Mount Sinai.
If we transgress the law of
The master we are dam'd.

O Lord thou who wrought the
Concave heavens and bade
Merry—all the people !
Teach them reason.

*On the rugged mountains
Of Vermont, and the high*

Peaks of Scotland, and
The plains of Ireland, be his birth.

Happy is the man whom the
Smiles of heaven gently fall
Upon, as the gentle dews of
Heaven upon the valley.

THE CONFESSION.

O! I have many years
Sought for a mate. I have
Never found one until I saw
You, that satisfied my desire.
Many I have seen who had
Wealth enough, and all to my
Command, if I would love
Them and be their bride.
Sages, poets and orators have
Been my company for
Many years; with philosophers
I have conversed on matrimony.
They did not suit my
Fancy. O I could see the
Index on their faces which
Told me never to marry.
On your countenance I
Saw the words which read,
Union would make us
Happy, as those of heaven.
O may I be so bold, my
Love, to ask you, can you
See any virtue in me
To take me for your bride.
If you can, here is my hand,
As true as the sacred

Spirit of heaven. I love thee. O
For heaven think of me now.

O you did tell me
After my confession,
You would extend my
Hand ; you kindly express.

O you this solemn oath do
Wish to have me take,
That I by the gods on you
My offers do place for ever.

This I will take if you
My hand will accept, I
Will prove true to you as
Fond as you to me.

Honest men keep virtuous
Women—virtuous are found.
Yours I will keep, or I will
Give my life for sacrifice !

O do not break my
Heart. On you I have
Placed my affections. O thou
Guileful man, if thou art guilty of the crime

O ! if your fear is heard, and
For this the fires from the vaults
Of hell will not make
You tremble at the sight,

He gave his hand to the
Dame—a happy couple they
Were ; they accomplished their
Great desire, and passed life away.

ANCIENT CITIES.

May he who to different
Climes roved amidst ruined
Cities and fallen empires, be
Aroused from his slumbers.

O let him to Greece
And Rome look and see
Egypt once in a flourishing
Condition and free institutions.

O see how she is fallen ;
We are told by some that
The Ethiopians were the
Fountains of old knowledge.

If that is the case she
Has fallen much, we ought
Not to despise her for it.
All nations are liable to fall.

By their own nation,
By invasion which becomes
All nations, their own government,
Left without succor to expire.

Never wait until your
Foes come before you prepare
For defence. All now be prepared
For wars—you will remain in peace.

No nation will attest
You, when they think they
Cannot consider this is
Evil what they obtain by invasion.

Many to Greece from
America's gales, as well
Some from England,
As we read of Lord Byron.

It is necessary for him
To travel to awaken

His imagination. See him
Fast when he should dine.
As you take the sacred
Testimony of the rosy
Cheeks and the jovial hearts
In which he plants the root of love.
My son, believe by all
That is sacred in heaven,
Who has the heart of a Roman
Strives for liberty and right.
Make the rich suffer—the lord
As well as the poor. Pardon
Him not for his frauds, or
Marry one by your judgment,
When he hears the song, he
To his conclave goes ; one-third
I will give, if the other two
Years will get for me again.
The conclave one-third takes
And makes sure of that,
And at last he does not give
This case one-half of his money spent.
This is the recompense men
Receive by law, all it is said
Form is made to give man
His rights and protect him from injury.
The ones that makes them and
Advocates them are the best protected,
As every man for his own
Interest works, to other's expense.

F A M E .

From Gods holy
Wine would in
Paradise take your
Cup of wine.
And to him write
Words that will be
More amusing than
Old Homer's song.
In his breast all
Virtues rest, as in
The vaults, the sacred
Wine for Goddesses.
Great Cæsar strived
For fame, and so do they
Aim to obtain rich honors
Which are happiness.
As David the Great
Fills their heaven with
The word of God
His land on eloquence.
He with his cup
Makes all his hearers
Tremble as if the sky
Shook by the hand of Heaven.
He is as if a saving ordinance
Had to quicken his
Spirit to eloquence, while
He arose in the sound.
His words moved
A land as stubble
From the harvest,
Spreading all around.
He wept with loss
Heavy as for a man

To put her child in
The rash jaws of a tiger.
O tis fearful to see
One floating in
The liquid sulphur of
Styx for disobedience.
O the poor fool in
The pulpit said he
Knew that there were
More floating in despair.
With all our mischievius men
As the imperial minions
Hankering for their prey,
For feasting on honor.
He could bear the
Froward spirits of
The vaults of pain
While he snuffed in the breeze.
This he would do to
Convert them, he
In more dislike
See what would be the creed.
When he was directed
To fulfil his destination
His reply was, must
Not tempt the Son of God.
He was vain of
Reason and guided by
The lives of the ancients
Founded on imagination.
To hell ! he sent by words
All those that
Would not believe
As he did and worship.

P L A G A R I S M .

The fame of Thales,
Solon and Strabo, be
By every one sung,
Or their words read.

Many Sages steal !
From the ancient
Ones, and resound it
As their own productions.

From their noble words
The true essence, and
Culls this, or with an
Infidel to destruction.

He tries to blind the
Peoples eyes, as a counsel
His opponent, with
His different pleas.

O it is better for one
To be well learned
In what he tries
To advocate against his opponent.

No man yet ever
Was too well read in
Fame to meet his bold
Opponent counsellor.

For he forms not
Stone, well may he
Be read, in learning
Slim, is he after all.

O you poor and forsaken,
Till the vaults of heaven
All must be sent
And all eloquence to man.

As Xerxes offered well
For Fame let not

A man attempt
To undo that motto.
O let his neighbor
Show what he is,
If he discerns
No people see him more.
Like the rolling
Waters, bring forth
A worthy thought
To the sages eye.
Solon, who once
In Greece did sit,
Pleasing the Gods,
And pleased in his turn.

L O R D H E N R Y .

Lord Henry from Dublin
Returned to see his
Dame of Rome, Cordelus.
He resided by her.
Many days I met with
Him, I did not know
His desire which he had.
For many years seen
Her noble form and
Sparkling eyes, alternately
Shall entice his fond
Applications to her love.
O ! Lord Henry many
Times wept to see his
Condition ; his fortune
He has spent for dances.
O. he said, give me solitude
In my life henceforth.

Experience has taught me
All results are left to fame.
On yesterday I saw a
Lovely dame, her name
Was Miss Genevra,
She was abroad from Rome.
And Henry by her side
Sat, and visited for
Hours, and praised her beauty
And her cheeks so lovely.
The rolling billows
And the pealing thunder
Are types of hell. The song
Of heaven did not arise.
Her work excelled all.
Miss Susan was good ;
Her form, her birth, was
Visited as a destroying prize.
Lord Henry and Susan,
With their praises, returned
Home filled with wine,
And sought out his dame.
In the giddy dance
They sported ; they turned their
Cups of wine to their pleasure,
For pastime, a game of whist.
Galenus came to see his
Dame ; she was much
Perplexed when he saw
Lord Henry with her in Paris.
Galenus now sported when
He spoke to Lord Henry,
O you scornful man,
You I despise and hate.
He from his field

Placed a dagger to Henry's heart,
Think if he did as Galenus
To pardon him—he forgave him.
He might as well, for
It was the last words
He spoke. The blood from
His heart was gushing forth.
This astonished the people,
To see Galenus—Lord Henry's
Blood taken, and Susan and Geneva,
You were the cause of his death.
By your consenting to sport
With him in the dangerous hour,
Denying wine to his expense
Made Galenus fall on him.
You ought to have learned
When Galenus was commanding,
To have Lord Henry accepted,
Or sent him home to his country.
Alvira's rosy cheek faded, her
Sparkling eye grew dim,
Her affections broke—all was
Solitude with Alvira and Galenus.
No songs Alvira's harp sent
To amuse him, she could
Not sport with him in
The giddy dance after his death.
Instead of winning a prize,
As he thought when he
Lord Henry's life took away,
Himself in the pit of hell
He dips his glittering sceptre
In the deathly poison which
He from the Devil obtained,
And swore all foes should die.

O thou fool ! fight for the
Thrilling thought of love. Oh !
See lovely Alvira scorn
Galenus, when her company did ask:
O once her hand was free,
And Galenus could go to all
Amusements. You will find on the
Rosy cheeks of some dame or goddess.

It is plain for man to see
The vortex of death, when
He has seen the trials of
Others, as the light of morning stars.
Man may stumble along
In the dark and die happy, and
Love at the same time
Might have been a free traveller.

O the poor man thought
This was destiny—all was
To remain in bondage, and
By a woman be controled.
O ye gods ! ye gods of Greece !
These words are as true as
Those wrote on the Mount,
Woman was formed to deceive man.

O I had rather rule the
Infernal Gulf, than
To stand and hear the thunderings
Of a woman where I wish quiet.

O Galenus died unseasonable ;
He tumbled, and his eye looked like
Fire. I thought by his actions the
Dagger was in his heart when he groaned.

O ! he replied, my troubles was
Caused by a deceitful goddess.
She has led me, I sought for peace,
In torment I awoke.

DEAR FRIEND C——, M.

To thee I invoke my solemn
Prayer—to thee, O friend C——,
I swear, to all that is sacred
Reason is my religion.

Long time it has been the
First time, I into your door
Entered, a pilgrim, at the age
Of fourteen, and without money.

Over the hills that you can
See I have wandered happy ;
I was, yes happier than I am
Now, with my wine.

I hold to all that is sacred
And pure, worship one God,
Hold to no sect,
None, and treat all with respect.

Can you find a better creed
Than this, I honor thee, you
Looked on me with scorn when
I wandered over your hills.

You thought I was obliged
To do it. I was born a freeman,
In my arteries flows the pure
Blood of an Irishman, never humble.

Thee I honor, O friend C—— !
From your land I received
My patrimony, into a
Distant land I went.

Ah, among strangers
Found friends, both are
There among my own
Acquaintances and relations.

From my father's temple

I wandered, O I thought
Could see his lovely locks no
Where, he is gone, gone to his home.

O when you took me
In, your countenance
Reminds me of my
Free and sacred Father.

I have found a better
Friend in the roving
Wolf than I have with
Many relations and pampered priests.

O may you when I am
Gone, think how I
Over your hills after
Your flock did rove.

O the happy hours I have
Spent in your mansion
I thought not then that
Since I might see no rest.

O for heaven ! hold all
Things sacred, that from
God descended, as I have
Said there is but one God.

You worship him,
He in Heaven will
Take some, we know
There is a first cause.

For the Gods of nature
We do go, that is as
Far as our imagination
Or reason will aspire.

Gods of Eloquence,
To him who is the
Author of all, strange,
Divine and amazing.

O friend C——, die
For fame—ye who as
Medicine for atheists,
As long as you live.

Wealth is spent by your
Posterity, you are cursed
For not leaving more,
O strive for fame ye Gods.

You have often times told
Me your every door
Was open to me, I
Wept when I left your house.

O think of the immortal
Homer, think not he
Had to endure more
If the Gods would ensure him.

We are told from deeds
That old Homer did so
To Nestor's laws and
Homer's fame in Greece.

O from whence did all
Things spring, to what
God have we to
Answer for our sins.

From our laws
All things spring
And to that law who
Can avert the result.

As long as the laws of
The place discord, and
The rules spurn all things
Will sink away in gloom.

O spurn slavery or die ;
On this honor kings
And heros have

Done it live forever.
One scar or a hundred,
Your life is nothing to
That, when here we
Rise as Demsthenes.
O the fountain of all
Knowledge is medicine
Tho' Physicians have buffed
The storm of all iafamy.
I wish not to say
A word against the
Sects of religion, it is a knell
For the world we live in.
You know my honor!
Then has no science
Been advanced from the
Real poets in our land.
Her words I write
In my own blood; if
It were not for the physician,
The world would have been in the same.
O the blood from my veins
Freely flows, to bestow honor
On the Physician. It is
Not required by the world.
O go to the physician for
Reason—can you lead them
Away—he feels imagination
Was the great Physician of Greece.
May the land boast of
His wisdom. The orator
Of his talents at the
Head stands the Lancet.
From your arteries the
Blood is taken, which

Saves your lives which canst
Become by learned orators.

O, ye slumbering souls
Arouse ! see what perfection
Around you lies, but
Heaven ! and man distress.

From whence did it
Flow, whence is the
Fountain of its origin,
O ye Gods of Italy.

O will you be guilty
Of taking man from
The sacred throne of
Heaven to the jubilee of hell.

O if this your character,
In blood I give my name,
J—— H——, ye Gods of
Virtue against them contend,

O I have not wealth,
Although I for you worked
For my bread, when
I was a pilgrim in my youth.

Three times to you have I
Wrote, with my hands
Wet in blood of my own
Arteries, to your hand.
In summer I left you the
Agony that you manifested,
Exceed all I ever saw, it would
Have made a surgeon tremble.

O die for honor ! live
With the gods of medicine,
O let your name be
Rehearsed by coming times,

Wealth is not worth

Striving for—some are
Happy as the swine
With its fill from day to day.

Others are happy without
A farthing, sporting in the
Giddy dance on credit,
N'er expecting to pay,
Said George the name
Is to grow familiar,
The same as the
People of ancient Rome.

O now to me my
Fatherings pay, as I hear
Another man has
Waited for my money.

DECEIT.

Her fame was by the Gods
Sung. If she had not been
A sacred goddess
They would not have sung her praise.

She at first bore the resemblance
Of a perfect beauty ; she was
Adored by the noble
Ones of her own land.

When she in the halls of
Amusement did sit, she
Used all the fell deception,
She could with art and practice.

This I know—no one
Is as good a teacher as
The one who has experience ;
This lesson I have for him.

O, said I, yet of Poets,
Of your goddesses—of us

And Rome that thus
Had come those of Ireland.
She forsook one to
Obtain another, which
She lost, both because
The first one she did see.
She wept—she sobbed, and
From her rosy cheeks did
Wipe the tear. Would to God
That I could see him again.
And he loved her,
For he thought she
Was true. He learned
She was deceptive, like the rest.
O I warn you this day,
To no one place your affections
So firm, but what you
Can move them if you like.
The fortune which I
Have spent for them,
If I had it now
Should not be squandered now.
Although the rosy cheek
And the sparkling eye
And the beautiful form
Are that which will entice.

L O R D B U L L .

Lord Bull from
Augusta did come
In state, as great as
Octavus to Carthage.
In full cellars he
Said at the same
Time the sheriff come

To take Lord Bull with a writ.

Once he was honored
By the gods of heaven, but
Now condemned by his
Own fate he had fell.

When he into the
Court did come, all
The counsellors who were
To oppose him would tremble.

He by his conversing so
Freely with Mr. Brandy,
Fools from him all his
Money, took and left him in the ditch.

But Bull left his own
Will, and took refuge
With one who is to be
Despised by every good citizen.

He dwelt in a house
Built of stone, it might have
Been changed into a
Prison, it would answer.

His own children despise
Him, they would not
Give him bread when he
Was hungry and thirsty.

His disposition bore resemblance
To his name. No christian
Durst make his religion
Known to the Pagans or Turks.

He carried as a Phycian King ;
She followed him, for she thought
Much of his name. She would
Transform to his liking.

Her looks at Lord Bull had
The effect of the bite of a viper,
Both of them would make
Him tremble and grow sick.

MISFORTUNE.

O morun not at your
Misfortunes, many Gods
From Elysian to Tartarus
Have been hurled for bad conduct.
Be not frightened when you
Stand on the virge of destruction,
And behind you look and see
The waves of grief, which you have past.
The rolling of the thunder
Of Heaven, and the electricity
Of the skies make the earth tremble
Under your feet, and give not up!
As you on the verge of death
Stand, you can see the Goddesses of
Hell sailing on the liquid sulphur,
And singing their songs of woe.
Although you stand on the fierce
Of death, if you have a vrm hold
Above fear not, renounce the Devil,
Hell cannot pull you from it.
Juno was worshipped by
Many who must be considered
Pagans, worship the true God,
No one has right to worship ought else.
The people have been deluded long,
Will you who possess reason
Worship man as God?
One would think better things.
If the world was at peace
When God came into the
World to save man, we can
See a great contempt on his cause.
When church and state are
Connected, you must expect on
Both parts rebellion—each one

Will strive to obtain dominion.
Where strong powers exist
Harmoniously separate. O never
Combine them, as there is a power, the
Matter you can see it when combined.

ON A POET.

O would to God ! that I could
Speak of this man with
Great respect. He has wrote
For himself, which you might
See the title page, " Thoughts of
Musing." This might be those that
Think more of love than of
Their books ; for I am as sure
That those who think much of
That cannot of books.
O when he was fifteen
He thought he knew more
Than those who had far
More. One thinks he did of love,
For he was about to fall into
The company of every dame he
Could see. His face was dark
With hair ; his eyes were small ;
According to phrenology
His language must be small,
His forehead was low and reason
Small, O what a dangerous
Man. The fleece from his face
Might have fetched a pound.
He wrote a work, called by
Some to be a specimen of love,
And others say, if that is love, O
For heaven's sake deliver me from it,
Or stop that poet's song, he
Will turn all sane youth

To love-sick fools ! Horrible to
See a man insane on love.
No virtuous woman darest
Walk the streets. O this is
Withering more than religion has
Done ; but see the contrast. One
Is in a good cause, and
The other is folly. O some think
They cannot come it in rhyme without
They are in love. I should
Think this was the case when he
Wrote to his comrades. O love by
You must enjoy yourself
When you received him
Into your company. O muse !
O ye gods and goddesses pass !
And see therein. The lyric songs
Of God's holy harp would not
Arouse them. Oh no ; you could
Thrust the glittering steel into
His head before he would turn,
No gods are called for his
Counsel, but the devils
Up from the lake to see what
He is doing. O they exult !
You are writing for the sons of musing ;
If they will amuse all they
Undoubtedly will buy one,
For that is what he wrote for ;
He wrote not for honor, as Byron,
Who ought to have written to please
All. O who can you find
That likes such love or
Love-sick poetry. It is
Not destined for men to
Read, but for the gods and
Goddesses, rather those above

Than those below, for that
Is when if it don't go, you would
Think to hear him talk of
Hell, the worst place that
Can be found ; but if he
Gets his company and makes
Wars, he will wish he was there.

ON A NOBLE :

O ! the sire of Minerva
Was a noble man. He
Desired to raise something great
To make a goddess or a queen.
Thus a lord of a noble
Family paid his addresses
To Minerva ; thus in the
Connubial state she fell.
Her golden hair hung in ringlets
On her neck. Her blooming
Breast did the lord rejoice.
O what a goddess fell into
My companionship. Her lovely
Eyes and marble neck surpassed
All the dames. Thus beauty and
Intelligence were all contained.
She was so ambitious to
Dethrone kings. O she could
Until she past the wedlock.
O lament, lament what has
Happened to this goddess, she
Has fallen from the high ethereal
Throne of heaven, to the
Realms of darkness.
What companions, once in
Paradise, then in hell,
Carrying her helmet of battle rage.
O after his long suffering

She was pardoned out, and
Returned to her lord.
Her ambition was all gone,
When she did like to be
Decked with silver and gold
And the richest apparel.
She shunned her old companions,
And so slip shod them in the
Street, instead of meeting them
Like friends with a smile. .
He thought of many things
To please her ; he visited
Greece and Rome with her ;
Instead of curing her it
Made her worse to see
Lovely Greece. O for her
To reflect to see what Greece
Once was ; it was like
Herself, in ruins. O God of
Heaven, she said, O tell me
What is the cause of the
Downfall of noble Greece.
She stood for a moment and
Then burst into a rage,
As if she was in battle
Field in full glory, and
Then her spirit went to her
God. Her last words were,
O may my soul be saved.
O you that think you would
Be happy by getting a partner
May be made miserable, not
To have the fortune to obtain
A goddess, whose eyes would
Dazzle the eagle, as they clash,
Which the sun cannot.
O what powerful brilliancy

She carried. You on both
Parts think you are to obtain
To the same perfections.
O you may think she has
The same perfection, and do the
Same. This is the rule,
The deception. Soon as the
Wedding ring is given, the
Rich robes and glittering gold
Laid aside, she as
She rises, instead of dressing
In her rich robe, she goes
From morning till night
Slip-shod. O the contrast !

ON THE DEATH OF A GODDESS.

O horrible ! horrible ! I saw
A goddess die ! The fates
Shrink as she faints,
Falls and is gone ! O heaven !
The heart throbs, as if it
Would break from the
Thorax. O the agony ! Her
Flesh was crisping on the embers.
She raged, she became insane,
She raised her hands to her
Head, and from it tore the
Raven locks, like glittering gilt.
No more can zephyrs spread
Them on her marble neck,
Now by the tempestuous winds
They are wafted on the main.
O see here her body has been
Pierced with glittering spears, and there
Her side has bled in torrents,
And from her head the hair has fallen.

O weep ye that have sympathy ;
O weep for heaven's sake. Two
Lovely children fell lifeless by
Their mother's side as they were weeping.

O ! O ! there lies a lovely
Mother and two harmless
Children. O how can you but
Weep ! It is enough to make a savage.

O ! O ! my life, she said,
What is the cause of my suffering ;
What have I done to fetch all
This affliction on me.

She wept for a moment, O
Great everlasting Benefactor, not
One unjust deed—preserve
My children. She murmured.

Be then true to your God,
Not try to serve God and
The devil, and cheat both
By chance may go below.

There are many that can
Desire, but they cannot desire
God or the devil. O listen to
Their groans when they are raging.

O horrible ! it makes a
Man tremble, it fills his
Soul with desolation, and the
Grating of their teeth is awful.

AN ABOLITION PREACHER.

He in God's holy temple
Which is on its base seventy
Seven by thirty, and twelve
Feet posts, with no ornament,
But there were ornaments in
The pulpit ; his red face was
Twisted with his head,
And his mouth was spread
From ear and ear.

He stood in a triangular position,
First on one hand and next on the other ;
His hands were grasped tight on
His thorax, only when he
Was reading his books,

His eyes, like sheeps, did glisten,
His gestures were with his red face,
It looked like a ball of fire, or rays
Of the sun, dazzling his hearer's eyes.

O to hear him talk of this
Sinful land. O what a wretched
Class the Americans are, you
Would think he was an Apostle.

O horrible ! can a man like
Him rise and say he is chosen to preach.
O if God noticed him, he blasted
Him, and threw him to the dust,

He thought there was no
Church right but his, all
The rest were going to hell.
Guilty mind makes one tremble.

O the perfumes that would
Rise from a strong one, would
Not be very desirable to those
That did not belong to their sect.

It is true man can accustom
Himself to many things. Even
To live for days breathing
Liquid ether. O painful !
With his whining voice and
Eloquence he closed the worship,
And left the people in the dark
Both mental and material.
He thought the church was
In hell, except his own. I think
That he was on the road, going
With lightning speed.
He talked much of war ;
I did not see any of the devils
Fall in battle ; they now remain
In peace, for fear of rousing heaven.
A lion in his slumber is
Quiet, but when aroused, all
The beasts tremble at his
Thundering o'er the earth.
But instead of the poor abolitionist
Thundering, he only whined ; and
Instead of the people trembling,
They were very much ashamed.

TO A FRIEND.

Emmanuel in heaven lived.
From heaven fire was stolen
To set on flames the sulphur
In hell, to punish the sinner.
Hannah, my love of the
East, O once may I come
Into thy company. O
The raging tempest separates us,
The spirit of God manifest
To me, and his fame in

Raising the dead ; I saw the
Burning bush whirling over the sea.
The people of the olden world
Would have died willingly to have
Seen him. O that I
Could see my Italian dame !
O would that I could break
Off the sympathies that exist
Between her and me. O it is
Impossible as to change our nature.
There is nothing like a true
Hearted dame ; I have seen
Many that are described.
Give me my Italian of the East.
O the happiest hours I ever spent
Were in Paris, with a French
Dame. What a deceitful goddess ;
Those of that land will so sport and sing.
O Hannah, reflect for a moment.
O if there is a person in the world
That I love, it is thee love. I
Know nothing of thee. O let me go as
free as the wind.

THE WISH.

O to heaven that I could
See you again once more,
And enjoy thy presence, and
Kiss thy rosy cheek and cherry lips.
As Jupiter sparkles, it reminds
Me of your eyes. Your countenance
Is an index to your mind, which
Says you are an affectionate dame.
As I am roving over the
Green mountains, it reminds

Me of our last meeting
In the forest over yonder hill.
O ye gods and goddess see
Of heaven. O you might
Rejoice that you are in the
Happiness that I am at this moment.
O think of the last time you
Were in my presence, did
You not think of happiness
When on my thorax you rested your head.
O as we were walking to the
North, on Monday, when you
Kindly spoke to me,
And told of W—'s marriage.
O heaven! you exclaimed, what
Misery that dame is fetching on
Herself. O would to God that all
Might remain single—it is their nature.
O when I saw what had
Happened on the dame, it made
Me shudder; those eyes
That sparkled are now blood shot.
Horrible! O would she might
Be free again, relieved from
This monster's hands, to make
A better choice for a companion.
As long as I have been wandering
On the tempestuous sea, I never
Have met with a dame that
I honor as much as I do thee.
I would suffer my heart to be
Taken from my thorax, and my
Soul to float in fire, before I
Would see thee suffer in my cause.
O when I am by my table at
Midnight hour, I often think,

Oh the time which I have
Spent with the dames of the West.
O to heaven that I were where
I saw those gods with the goddesses
Sing, at the time we last saw
The conubial bonds made fast.
O her blooming breast and rosy cheeks
Made me regret his happiness. All
Is vanity to them who think
Of heaven. Give us happiness in heaven.

THEODORAS METRIX.

Rome on her seven hills, near
Ereates, had temple spires reaching
To heaven ; within the altars
Were all gored with human blood.
Plato's false doctrines are sustained
In Athens as well as in Rome.
Infants have been sacrificed
To the gods, all owing to their
Belief in religion.
When religion and law
Were blended together, Athens
Was prosperous to a certain extent,
Until sectarianism ruined her.
This law was made by the priest
And first on the people, saying,
It is the will of the gods.
It is in the cause of
Religion. See what proselytes has done.
As Theodoras was wandering
The streets of old Rome, Cass
By chance espied her, before
She passed into the basky vale.
He with his fierce desire pursued
Her ; near the threshhold she

Stopped, as he was walking
Past, for he saw her beauteous face,
Her fairy outline and her queenly grace.

H A R M O N .

The mansion looks desolate,
She looked sad, she had on her
Morning robe prepared for the
Domestic duties of the household.

You may be amazed by
The eloquence of an orator, or
The reasoning of a Philosopher
Or the songs of a noble goddess.

Harmon once loved her
She thought he would
As long as they lived in
The connubial state of felicity.

O I had rather die than
Live in the condition I now
Am in. The iron hand of hell
On me rests. O deliver me !

Harmon was a noble man,
With him I have taken many
Cups of wine, and to
Her health he always drank.

Oft times I have heard him in
Rage, curse and say a
Woman is a deceitful
Being. O I honor my dame.

Her noble mansion was
Provided with beauties
Her parks were filled with
All sporting animals.

Her sporting horse was at
Her command. Servants
Were to her bidding,

And songs to her amusement.
O can you with justice
Condemn Harmon. O reflect,
See what he did for Frances,
His fortune spent to amuse her.
O disguise them not, for thus
We in this world live truly,
All for amusement, this
Be their path to the grave.
If you wish to defame
The Gods, O let Homer
Be with Frances in bearing,
And honor them for their choice.
Frances to his mansion
Went, and Harmon roving
Went, instead of both loving
In happiness, they died miserable.

M A R G A R E T .

A Goddess by the name of
Margaret, with her sceptre in her
Hand, appeared on the golden
Deck of a golden ship.
Her eyes sparkled as she looked
On many, and when
She saw her foes advancing
She stood firm in her attempt.
She rested on her heart
The end of her sceptre, all her
Foes before cause, but two
Fell—the robust give back ground.
When she sounded her
Trumpet all her soldiers
Appeared from the hills, and
Throw at her ship to the command.

Stewart worshipped his dame, Frances.
He as Bacchus the son of Purpite.
Was by the Romans in drinking
Wine to his health from the golden cup.

O to his misfortune he
Is not as immortal as Bacchus,
Although he could drink as much
Wine. This raised his fame at home.

He thinks every one fools
The same reason a man thinks
Every one drunk, when he sees
Them through drunken eyes.

O it makes the blood boil
In my arteries, to see your
Insignificant countenance.
O hide that face from me.

O I should not at this
Time seek a remedy, that
You may well need, but
When will you repent.

O I despise a man who
Has not independence,
Such has the blood of an Irishman
Or American.

I honor all who strive
For some noble end,
Will you bow to man,
And become a slave ?

Into my presence
Come two noble dames,
To see neat they received
The fame that their forefather's gave.

One carried the sparkling
Eye and the other the
Rosy cheek, and they felt proud of
The fame their forefather's gave.

We expect to have from
The strongest power
The Goddesses and Dames
For beauty and men for power.

When I entered my
Cave it was cold as
Death, it made me
Tremble as I reflected.
Cold as a Dame's heart
After her sister has
Left her, O she could
Smile to see him chagrined.
O this is their disposition
When you find one
That is forsaken. They
Will not let it pass in harmony.
He who respects not the
Opposite sex, spends his
Time in wretchedness,
A lonely child of grief.
He who will spend
All his time with
Them in song or the
Giddy dance, is a fool
You often impart more
Knowledge than you
Obtain. You will find
Some intelligent Dames.
O they had rather sport
In the giddy dance,
And talk of Mars and
Jupiter, as they view the Heavens.
She into my cave
Came— and I at
First scanned her

Honor, than to make it free
And fail to obtain a throne.

O Brutus ! if thou hadst been
Virtuous as a Washington, thou
Then might have been glorious.
Thou deserve condemnation from devils.

Thou wast ambitious—far too much
For thy own good ; like Bonaparte,
That had he not been hasty,
Might have conquered Britain.

Ambition often ruins statesmen
And warriors. This is what
Vanquished Brutus, and made
Eternal Rome most miserable.

Ambition, the loss of that and his
Friend, and he saw he could not
Conquer Rome and obtain the
Throne. He fell a sad victim.

It is hard to say that of
Brutus. But if Brutus deserves it,
Brutus deserves it as much. For
Both made the rich as miserable.

I honor an ambitious man
As I honor truth and virtue,
But Brutus was ambitious, but
Had a noble form and a corrupt heart.

O Brutus was a noble man, he
Feared not death more than a brute.
He in his glory was visited by
The eternal spirits of the earth.

He had rather hold his arm in
The flaming fire, and see the flesh
Fall from his bones, and his nerve
Contract with the fever of death.

If I could weep for any one, it
Would be for noble Brutus,
Although he was corrupt in heart,
I will honor him for his brave soul,

ARMON KEPH.

Armon was like the rising sun
To the Egyptians, who gave them
Their light, and as a god
Was bowed down to and worshipped.
His mighty mind and his gigantic
Arm have done great deeds.
He could traverse the heavens and
Earth and survey the boundless sea.
He suffered three friars to burn,
And told them if they did not
Obey the rules and laws they would be
Sent to an eternal destiny most horrible.
In battle he was never excelled.
He has made kings bear him
Who had warriors and had treasures ;
He fought for victory and for his kingdom.
He when obtained for ever reformed
The laws of the government, both the
Laws of religion and morals, and
Justice, he said, should triumph.
He fought for the benefit of his
Nation, not for his own gratification.
In all his battles the divine
Spirit assisted him to victory.
He contended against those
That were mightier than himself ;
He had rather die in battle, fighting
For freedom, than to live a slave.
He himself was a host. He

Had, like Cæsar, courage, and
Fear he knew nothing of. It
Would have been bitter to have taught
him this.

His noble form and his
Sparkling eyes and his smiling
Countenance, shady brow
And his strong muscular arm looked well.
He has many battles won, and
Lost none. His own nation thought
Him a god. His bright eyed daughter
Was worshipped as a goddess.

Long before Moses he labored
For his nation ; he was
The wisest of his kingdom,
And could interpret dreams
The mysteries of earth were
All in the shade, until the
Sage came to interpret them
And make them plain as day.

When he had passed away
And had died and gone,
Then Moses came and assumed
The king of the Egyptians.

Moses, to establish his own fame
Burnt all before him, then
Wrote whatever came to his
Mind from the midst of Heaven.

Moses tells us of many
Things ; one of creation,
And then of man and woman,
How she was taken from his side.

This is what Moses tells us,
Man slept until all this was
Done. All this attests that he
Must have been skilled in surgery.

The God of heaven hath e
Power to select whom he has
A mind to, and reveal to
Them what he has a mind.
O! it is my earnest desire
That he may be crowned with
Glory, and coming generations
Sing his songs of praise.
I trust he is honored above
By the highest and brightest
Angels; and strains of
Music drop from his golden harp.

ON ATTENDING CHURCH.

O heaven! of all who protect us,
From the rising of the sun to the
Sitting of the same; on this
Day I saw a noble man
Prolonging the service, as
We are commanded to do.
And there sat a noble
Christian by the altar of
God, who was listening
To the truth as it fell from his lips.
O solitude! wretchedness!
I saw in that congregation
And he produced this by
His eloquence and power of speech.
Some that never heard the word
Of repentance, as he uttered it,
Trembled at the laws they thought
Themselves guilty of breaking.
The subject of hell did make
Them look amazed toward one
Another, as if they thought
Themselves innocent of sin.

This is the law of Nature,
No one ever thought himself
Guilty of sin. They look on others
Not as others look on them.
Next came the blood of
Christ and the holy things
Which were gathered on the altar
Around which they all were gathered.
His praise was sung by the
Noble goddesses of the church.
He was worshipped both in
Songs and prayer by all the sages.
Many of them who had served
In our gallant war, and rejoiced
In the victories which we obtained
From that old tyrannical Britain.
There sat those noble sages,
Who were assembled in
The house of worship, which was
Once a house made for the people.
They were from the towering
Mountains, whose head now
Reared above the clouds, and from
The mossy banks and pleasant valleys.
Many of them were from the
British shores, who left to
Obtain freedom, and joined
With the Pilgrims in the victory.
Their heads were silvered over
With their hoary locks, and
Their brows were covered
With laurels of kingdom come.
Their furrowed cheeks and their
Sunken eyes, their countenance
Struck terror to my soul,
Until I thought they fought for freedom.

They had that love for freedom,
For the freedom of the Spring,
That they had rather die than
To live and die at last a slave.
He, with his gigantic mind, did
Command them to repent this
Day. For who knoweth but to-morrow
May bring forth the Son of God.

THE RIDE.

He with me did
Rush with his fiery
Steeds, when mine
Was bounding on.
O he passed me, and
Seized my friend,
And before me drew
The glittering spear.
Down the rugged cliff
He drove the spirited
Steeds in haste, while
Mine were bounding.
I held his head, so
He could not run
Without my wish,
I had not time to relieve him.
I could not stop him ; his
Steeds were at their
Greatest speed, which
Was not his intent.
He was a stranger,
I thought he was
A friend. He was
Seeking for revenge.
I did the same to
Him as he did to

Me. He had wealth
Yet he was despised.

He thought he was
Great. I despised
Him worse than
The infernal spirits.

He took the life of
The fairest dame
That America ever
Afforded, and the best of Greece.

I had not driven
My steeds this day
For sport. You are
The scoundrel who caused her death.

O ! you must die.
O it is horrible for
One like you to
Die. O ! you must die !

Now weep and bid
Your friends farewell,
O make your
Last and eternal prayer.

You without a
Cause on me did
Rush, and not let'
Me know your invasion.

The gods of heaven say
You ought to die.
Die ! yes die and fall
To the vaults of Tartarus.

And cooled by the
Winds of Erebus,
Pricked by the spears dipped
In the flaming sulphur.

O! is this too much;
How can it be too much.
There cannot be too great
Punishment sent to him.

ON AUTUMN.

The blasts of Autumn
On me this morn
Fell. They made me
Shudder. They caused
The blood in my arterics
To stand. It stood until I was aroused
By the spirits of life, a
Spirit more noble than
You, my noble lord.
Yes, they were noble spirits.
Ireland never had better,
Excepting Daniel O'Connell,
The best in the world.
Would to heaven that he
May obtain Ireland's rights.
The different shades autumn
Brings on the forest. There
Is such a contrast in
Man's condition, from
Summer to autumn,
Wherein man is first in
Pleasure. Autumn makes
Him tremble; in fear
His dame may suffer.
O happy is the man
Who has no care of *one*.
To different climes he may
Rove and view the wisest
Sages in the world. If he
Is honored at his cottage
As *Diana* was honored

At Ephesus the most !
Why ought we not
Honor the Sage of Ireland
The most of any one
In the world ? What
Eloquence excelled
His ? Demosthenes '
Olympian Oration, or
Cicero's against Cataline
Only equalled his.
As I this morning
Was dividing my
Inmost thoughts,
And was driving
My fiery steed on
The great high road,
I reflected ! O I
Must honor the
Great Daniel O'Connell !

THE VISIT.

Like flying clouds
I rushed at the speed
Of lightning, and
Drove my fiery steed
Up to her gate,
I saw ten thousand
Armed soldiers stand
All ready for the battle
Field, and were prepared
For fight. No one
Appeared to oppose him.
Their general saw
His eye. He didn't
First meet him ;
On the distant hills
He heard his voice,

He had learned his
Fame, and the songs
Sung to his praise.
They blushed with shame
When they spoke against
Him. What they could
Say could do no
Harm. O let the
Marble that over his bones
Stands give and
Proclaim his fame.
He is a noble sage,
He never had honor
Done him, and many
Try to defame him.
He wrought a work
That never was excelled.
No harm is it to him
To drink and get drunk.

ABSURDITIES.

God, wise, good, just
And most benevolent,
Never forsook man
And sent him to hell!
We are told this did
Not please him,
Although we disobeyed
And strove for death.
As the blood by the
Heart is thrown, and
On that depends the vital
Parts, so do we depend
On Him, and Him
Alone. On no other

Source can we rest,
But on the God of Nature.

Some say he is a
Jealous God. Jealous
Of his own works,
And cannot rule them.

O what would you
Think of One who
Would say, He had
No dominion over us.

Who is so wise as to
Prove that man has
Three souls, all destined
For Heaven or Tartarus.

Some worship the
Images of serpents,
And think that all
Plagues are sent by God.

All claim blessings
Of heaven, and each
One condemning God's
All wise administration.

All works are in honor
Of and p'ease the Great
Law-Giver. And here
He has established his courts.

A F R A G M E N T .

I saw him where the
Devils of the infernal
Regions would blush to
Be caught. Yea they
Would fall their
Faces on the ground
And hide their heads.
He was a law-giver,
Pleading his cause at the
Sessions, at the bar of justice.

When they came from the
Lower house to plead,
They were to plead out of court,
They had no shame. This
Is the first time I ever
Saw or heard of a devil being
Ashamed to meet his
Fellow in the whole court,
With such scorn on his face.

He plead—but he plead
In vain. He was a noble
Lord. He looked sad!
Sad as a Roman citizen
When he has lost his
Friend, and listens to the
Lamentable songs of the
Funeral rites they would
Sing. He may sing as they
March on, the trumpet of joy.

THE MAD MAN.

He returned sad
And he looked mad,
And then on me did spring,
And I with sceptre of faith
Defended myself, as one
By one did spring, I
Thrust my sceptre, but
I did not stain it with
Their corrupt blood and spirit.

They boasted of their power.
Fools! they were. they had
No courage. The rows of
Armed soldiers would
Make them faint and
Drop their arms in battle.
O what brave men! Such
Men would have gained
America her independence.

He travelled with me.
When in solitude retired
He spoke of his contest;
You would have wept to have
Heard him plead against
Devils in a vicious cause
At the bar. It was enough
To make a man swear
That he will strive against the devil.

THE FALLEN GODDESS.

O look—see her
Falling into the vortex
Of Tartarus, to find
Her rest in flames
That arise from
Burning sulphur,
And cooled by the
Wind of old Erebus.
She raised her head
To see the golden
Chain that from heaven
To earth extended. O !
She miss'd it, and
Fell—fell—fell so far
She never rose again.
But her groan was
Heard to the gods of
Heaven. Now her name
No more is heard on
Earth. She is
A fallen goddess,
Like some who could
The righteous defame
To accomplish their desire ;
Who are guilty of the
Crime themselves—to
Relieve themselves from
The curse they steal
The testimony from the
Righteous, and say they
Have good authority.
It is the same with
This noble dame.
She was the fairest of

Her sex, and by sages
She was admired
And fools could not
Obtain her company.
She was despised
By no one, and
Chose her company.

A DOLEFUL LOVER.

The woes of love are
Amasing. Susan's heart
This night was broken.
Ah ! sad night with her.
As the bee sipped the
Sweet perfume on Plato's
Lips, so he drank
Sweetness from her rosy cheek.

I would not raise
My cheek to meet
With any other one,
Even an angel from heaven.

He had a rival, a
Dame from Spain had
Fetched him. He was
Adored by her much.

And then she clung
To the second one,
Which raised the scorn
Of him to the highest.
The house that enclosed
Her was her fathers. He
Had no rest—his face
Was pale. His eye was dim.

O he looked like death.
He spoke. O ! for heaven's sake
Forgive this dame
Forgive my dear Minerva.

She wept. You have committed
This crime before ; you
Cannot enter my mansion
Door, or drink with me.

From your hand I first
Received the cup. I thought
It was right for me to drink
Your health. It was custom.

They complied with the thought ;
She with a taper directed
Him to the room where
Drink was to be found.

The lord looked to
Some one more noble.
He scorned to contend
With such a rival.

The happiest hour I
Ever spent with counsellors,
Was with this lord and
Socrates on Britain's Isle.

The night I met him
He had just returned
From the wine, where
He had been with the tempter.

He spoke of Varia and
Of the pleasure he had with
Saricatus, who proposed coming
To Ireland with him.

In this town he spent
Much time. He wrote

Part of his work in Varna,
Of the little history of Turkey.

He on his return from
The Egyptian ruins, spoke
Of Athen's crumbling walls
Which all were silent.

O where are the ancient
Gods that used to be worshipped
In the crumbling towers
Of those old mossy temples.

He on his golden chest
Sat, and on his hand rested
His head and wept. Wept for
Athen's misfortunes, that she fell.

O is it possible that she from
That high state has fallen ?
If I had not seen it, I
Would not believe it possible.

We must credit history ;
We have no records to
Date it. It is reasonable
To some that we should.

For they do swear by the
Sage Sparo, that Daniel
Was in the lion's den ;
We ought not to dispute it.

These are the sentiments of
Lord Baldwin, whom from
Varna returned. I have
But one hope, that's truth.

O it would make me
Weep to hear him talk
Of religion. It would make
An infidel tremble.

He died. His fame
Was buried beneath the
Marble that covered his bones
And his spirit was gone.

ONE IDEA.

He was a great man,
By some called wise ;
He thought all things
Were comprehended in
One principle,—law,
Medicine and divinity,
All the sciences, was
Comprehended in Abolition ;
He had but one idea,
And that was on the
Point. He had audacity
To call his countrymen
And preach to them.
They in respect would
Listen to his insults on
American law-givers.
He thought that they all
Were fools, and he
Was the only wise man.
Sitting himself up as
A sage with only one
Idea.

THE BEAUTY.

As I was on an eminence
Under the lofty pine, and
Was sitting, I thought I
Saw the blooming form
Of her of the sparkling
Eye and rosy cheek
In her father's window ;
And still farther, I saw
The towering temples
Of the village, where the
Sacred Gospel was
Preached. I saw her
Pleading for many woes.
I wept for her misfortunes ;
I had a cause to weep.
She for her forsaken
Lover wept, who had
Proved treacherous and
Forsaken her ! O she
Swore an eternal
Curse upon him, and
Then left him in disgust.
Next I saw her in
The giddy dance
And drank the
Finest wine from Paris.
She sung me the song
That aroused me from
Solitude after I
Had been reasoning with
The bigots. They had
Rather believe in the
Legends than in
The truth. Then she

On the ocean was
Sent, with her black
Hair in ringlets hanging
On her markle neck.
She looked the best that
I ever had seen her.
From Athens or Varna
She came. Her eye
Was the brightest and
The most intelligent in
Its look. When she
Had heard all, she
Sat down and wept.

THE POET.

An insane and love-sick poet
And a vile and deluded pastor
And a bigotted priest
Are amusement for a sage.

Then listen to me in
Candor, as one arises,
As before a judge,
With his lofty eloquence.

He will turn them
From the truth, and
Make them believe that
All that is said is true.

I have burnt more than
Twelve thousand lines
That from my pen have
Flowed like liquid honey.

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

Some may think it
Would have been better
That I had burnt in
Tartarius than to have written.

O one may on this
Work reflect, and look
For something more ;
Yea, find something new.

Many priests and orators
Speak for money. Where
Can you find a man
Of fame who writes for wealth.

Do not let wealth be
Your desire, but let
Honor and fame be
Your care for ever.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAME.

O Dame of Varna !
This day we do part,
O give me, O give me
Thy heart. I am dying.

O take my sacred word,
Given as to a goddess.
You are the fairest dame
I ever found in Italy.

From Winden to your
Noble city I have roved,
But I never saw any that
Were more beautiful than thou.

Mars is beautiful. I
Admire thee more than
Venus or Jupiter when
They appear in their brightness.

O by the sacred gods
Virtan, I love thee, I
Love my love, and you
Are the most lovely dame.

O I think, O I think of
The time when we were
Wasted by the breeze on
The wild and rolling waves.

The unruly terrible water
Did not much exercise thee.
Thou heardest the waves roar
And it was a pleasing sight.

Once in Athens I
Saw a goddess that
Bore you resemblance.
O it was not Mary.

Your eyes are more
Brilliant than Vesta
Expresses—more keen
Than any I ever met.

To thee with the rest
I must bid adieu.
O my sacred love !
I love above all others.

O take this ; and keep
My solemn vow until
I return from America,
That land of freedom.

A VISION.

I saw this eve an
Angel form of the
Concave heavens formed
By luminous clouds.
It was as bright as Mars. ;
In an arch I saw
The form of a noble goddess ;
In her hand she held the
Golden chain, that from
Third heavens extended,
Where Justice sits. It looked
As if he had sent
Her to the world too
Soon to show the
People her noble works.
She disappeared—she
Faded away. No more
Was she seen, but
The luminous bow still
Did span the whole
Concave canopy.
With an eagle's ease
She soared away through
The dense clouds, and
The rays of the noon day
Sun would not dazzle
Her beautiful eye.
She could reason and
Converse with those that
Were nothing but slaves,
And then could arise
To a throne, and there
Be worshipped by angels,
And sound her sacred

Harp in glory and light;
All in silence
Would listen to her
Songs when she touched
The lyre. Wandering on,
The dame I espied at the
Midnight hour alone ;
No one to accompany
You in your visit, may
See muses in the heavens,
And as you look at
Your feet, find horror mixed
With pleasure. Yet after
All, all is fleet. There is
No happiness.

THE BARD.

He touched his lyre, and
All the angels stood amazed
And some trembled.
He himself did weep
To think he had no equal
In his own kingdom.
O then he arose, and
With his great eloquence
Astonished them. The
Gods of Italy with their
Mighty arms and golden
Chains, which link virtue,
Love and Harmony, did
Look amazed. He saved
The drunkard from shame,
But he repented. Repented
Of what ? He left his cups,

He could not write without
He drank. I have been
To his room when I
Found him writing, but
Could not walk. His
Wit was then the best.
He needed to be half
Drunk to bring his
Dormant energies to bear.
He was like a lion in
Slumber—when aroused
He made all around
Him tremble.
He has roved to different
Climes, from Egypt to
China. Wherever he
Spoke, all before him
That had the power of
Understanding did fall
Or tremble exceedingly.
Some worshipped him
As a god.
But at last he died,
As all men must
Die once. He
Died happy, and
Drank while living
At all the fountains
Of knowledge, and yet
Died drunk—drunk
In great wisdom.

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

THE TRAVEL.

As Pallas was discovered
At Saxony, whose office
Is to travel through the
World to meet with
Immortal sages, in
India and other places.
He had an eye that
Looked like fire ;
It would dazzle any
Mortal man's eye.
It was much brighter
Than Mars or Jupiter,
As Jupiter stands the
Highest in the Solar System,
This sage was the wisest
In India.

Pallas is oftentimes
Accompanied by Juno,
Travelling through the
Unbounded regions
Which by man never
Was thought of,
And waving plumes as
They by them pass
By comparing them to
Ourselves. O what is
More noble, more beautiful
And more to be desired
Than to travel with
Pallas and Juno !
If I could have a
Car from heaven sent,
That I could ride with
Juno, I would leave this

Vain earth of ours, and
Would not weep, but rejoice,
When I took my exit,
Having faith that I
Could have all the
Heart of man could
Desire. Better dames
And wiser sages, and
More noble times and
Better lyres than this
Earth ever afforded.
O it would be like
Paradise, where you can
See the traveller from heaven,
Where you can converse
With the goddesses and listen
To the songs that is sent
From the sacred harps.
From Juno to Jupiter
You might go. You would
Not find satisfaction
If you should run
Trembling on a thousand
Years. You would wish
To see different worlds.
O let us be contented
With this world until
We are called to the next.
Heaven will save you,
Live to his law, and
Receive his blessings,
And not call them
Curses, for he is just,
Holy and divine.
Such a being cannot
Send curses on man,
You, if you will only

Look, can see his arm
Of charity over your rest,
And around you the golden
Chain of his protection is
Stretched by his Almighty
Love. All the infernals
Cannot break it, and
All the tears of hell cannot
Dissolve it.

THE MURDERER.

I saw him resting
Himself under the
Forest tree, his head
On a panther's hide.

He heard a shriek. It
Sounded as if it was
At a great distance. It
Sounded like a dying man.

He was arrested. He
Sprung to his feet ;
He seized his weapons
Of war for fight.

When he to the sound
Came, he heard the
Savage in his barbarous
Act. But oh ! too late.

O what a sight !
His glittering dagger

Was in her heart.
She was breathing her last.

He heard her last
Groan. He saw her
Sparkling eye as he
Came and saw her weep.

O this put him in a
Rage. He plunged his
Spear to his heart,
He fell dead—he did.

He groaned as he fell.
It was enough to make
An infidel tremble.
O the guilty wretch.

This was his lovely
Dame. He never could
Forget her last shriek,
Nor the looks she gave.

O after this he was
Miserable. He died
Miserable. He was
Guilty of a crime.

ON THE DEATH OF DEASON.

The first I saw of him was on
His death-bed—his surgeon standing
By his side, and his assistant
Students gaining instruction.

His disease was fatal, but he was
Befriended by physicians, to be
Depended on for their skill; as
Many thought for themselves.

Thus our country physicians, with
Little practice in surgery,
He proposed calling a surgeon
From the city to perform the operation.

All the others say, the moment had
Passed, and the umbilical ring
Before the intestine nerves. And it is
Natural to suppose that the intestine passed

The operation was now performed by
The surgeon, and it proved fatal,
For the nerves were contracted by this,
And this stopped all circulation in the parts

O heaven, could I only express the
Sympathy that his own bosom friend
Felt for him as she stood by his bed-side,
She saw him in pain and she mourned.

There stood his lovely daughter,
Young in years, the only daughter
He had to mourn and weep with
Heart-felt affliction the noble departed.

He was a child of God and God's
Servant. He was first in church,
First to assist the poor, and first
To provide for the fatherless child.

His society was sought for
Both by the high and low.
His counsel was great in the
Affairs of state and equity.

It appears to all that knew him,
When counsel was obtained,
He attracted the attention of angels,
When they were abroad in the realms of
space.

O solitude! O world of sorrows!
O generation of sages! may
You all pass away before we could
Suffer this man to leave us.

I had rather serve a master in
Chains and die a slave, than to have
This man leave the society
Of my christian friends at home.

O he has gone to his account,
Where he was received as an only
Child—at the right hand of Power,
And lulled by the harps of heaven.

Who would not leave this world
To obtain the world above
In all its splendor, and the holy
Breeze which rises from the sea of life.

O it is well that you know
Not his love for you, O friends!
He had rather keep it in his
Own breast—for that you might grieve.

Your soul would be lost in
Solitude; your mind would not
Lament on any thing but this misfortune,
And rejoices over his happiness.

I had rather die a sage and
Christian than a kingly infidel.
The latter feels that his soul
Must be wafted by the winds of Erubus.

To die a christian is a noble death,
But to die an infidel is worse than
The death of a slave. We know
The abode of him is the cave of hell!

Ah! the word hell is enough to
Make a man repent. Ah! the word re-
pent
Too sounds hard and sorrowful
On the minds of youth.

Hark ! ye war-like angels
Of Paradise ! Listen to the
Eloquence of the General. May
All my gallant men stand
Around, and my gallant soldiers ;
As for counsel, he never was
Excelled. Ah ! he has fought
The foaming spirits of Erebus,
And cursed the gallant artillery
Of the skies. To rise to his
Command, what could be done
More than this by man.
It is not expected for a
Man to raise the dead
Without the help of the Lord.
He has saved the minds of
The saints, and made
Packenham yield to his
Command. Thus the soldiers
Of the British army cowered at
New Orleans. This made
Britain grieve, when she saw
The raging lion conquered
And fall harmless by the eagle,
Who after battle soared into
The boundless realms of heaven.
Who could then sympathise
And shed the sealding tear
Over the nerveless lion,
But in return would
Render death if he could
Save himself. Ah ! yes, yes,
To see him go to his home,
He with his mighty thundering
And flashing eyes did not

Frighten the eagle. Ah, no !
He said, stop ; and looking
Down on him with scorn.
It was by such treatment
And such fighting as this,
We gained our independence.
Jackson, with his mighty arm,
Has done deeds of wrath.
Could Greece or Rome
Produce as great. And such
Great men, who were skilled
In war and versed in the
Laws and arts of nations,
Who could go to the Senate
Halls and make laws, and preside
As president of the nation.
Then in time of war could
Wield the sword against
Britain's frowning subjects.
He served his people and
He served his God.
Read deep in love and skilled
In war, like Cæsar he was great,
And like good Cincinnatus,
He labored for his country.

JULY 4th.

ON THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

When first I saw
The Orator of the day,
He was a noble man
And had a gigantic mind.

He told us much of war, the
Victory we had obtained, and
The trials of our forefathers
And the acknowledgments we owe our
God.

Not like Cicero, who could
Sway all the Senate of Rome,
Nor like Cæsar, who could
Conquer all by his sword.

But more like Cincinnatus.
In counsel he was great
Eloquent he had a desire,
But no language to sustain it.

O this man is to be thanked, not
For his loquence, but what he
Reminds us of, that had been
Told us by our forefathers.

Next came the musicians with
Their tuned instruments. They
Gave praise to the gods by playing
Songs to them and their golden thrones.

From thence they marched to the grove,
Where the table was placed for their

Refreshment. They feasted on pies
And cakes, instead of loaves and fishes.

I thought those that prepared the
Place were some Roman or Egyptian
Soldiers, for they after their mode
Ate with their fingers.

Some thought this was Paradise,
Some others thought 'twas hell,
Thus you can see a contrast,
Who was pleased and who was not.

O what must I say next ;
That lovely dame, her sparkling
Eyes and glistening ringlets,
Which rested on her marble neck,

Who in any other place
Would not think of taking
A leg of mutton. She would
Scorn it as degrading.

Thus you can see what form
Will do in society. They
Will fully understand the gamut
Or suffer to be in the flames.

Say nothing of form, only of one
Dame, she like a goddess which
I think I have seen in my dream,
A brighter eye than her's I never saw.

There was another, dreamy and
Flashing ; she was dressed in the
Richest robe decked in gold.
She carried a treacherous spirit.

O heaven, would to the God of Eloquence
I could describe the fair dame ;

Her eyes would sparkle like
Jupiter, her countenance like Venus.

As she was playing the giddy
Dance on the marble floor,
She bore such a pleasant face,
The God of Reason could not condemn her

Her golden locks which hung in ringlets
On her blooming breast ; her eyes
Did express sympathy for her friends,
As she was beautiful she was rude.

CHARLES.

O Charles come,
For heaven's sake come,
I feel as if I were in
The vaults of Erebus
And the sulphur running
From my face. Come,
Mercy, look as it burns
My face as it runs,

O I saw him ; he is
Noble as Cæsar ! If
Cæsar were living I
Would call him Cæsar,
Cæsar ! O Cæsar is
Dead, but his name will
Never die—die, no not
As long as immortality endures.

He of you spoke, and spake
In terms of honor. O
Now assist me ! Come
As an armed soldier,
In blood to your arms,
If it is necessary. I
Think he is a coward ; his
Eye sparkles not ! O he trembles !

O I could carry his heart
On my glittering sceptre.
He has insulted me—he
Has no honor. O let him do
No more harm. O let him
Die in his own blood,
And fall into his own grave.

I found him in his cottage
On the mahogany sofa
Sitting in grief. O! sad is the
Message to him. He was weeping
Down the rosy cheek I saw
The tear rolling. I of her
Did ask the cause, but
They refused to answer me.

He fell, and she by his side
Stood and wept and sighed.
She was affected to the extent,
She could take his life
To thank the gods she was
Not such a fool, to weep for
Him who has no fame.

O I say, let him fall; I say
Let him fall. He has wronged
All he can. He has wealth,
But he has no honor.
Let him wander then even
To the vortex of destruction.
He rewards virtue and honor.

O let his eyes be taken
From his head, which is
On fire, and his heart from
His breast torn, and to the
Waves cast, for the feasting of
The monsters of the deep; his
Blood they will sup with joy

She found his words
To be false, and his
Words made her think
He was true. O he
Looked on her rosy cheek

And saw the index of love. O
It was what the black devils
Might call sin and deceitfulness.

O if that fountain
Becomes corrupt, it is
Not blood that the devils
Go for, they cannot be
Happier in honor or
In paradise. Let her
Come if she will
For he is miserable.

END OF BOOK I.

7

BOOK II.

AFRICANUS.

A DRAMA.

Dramatis Persona.

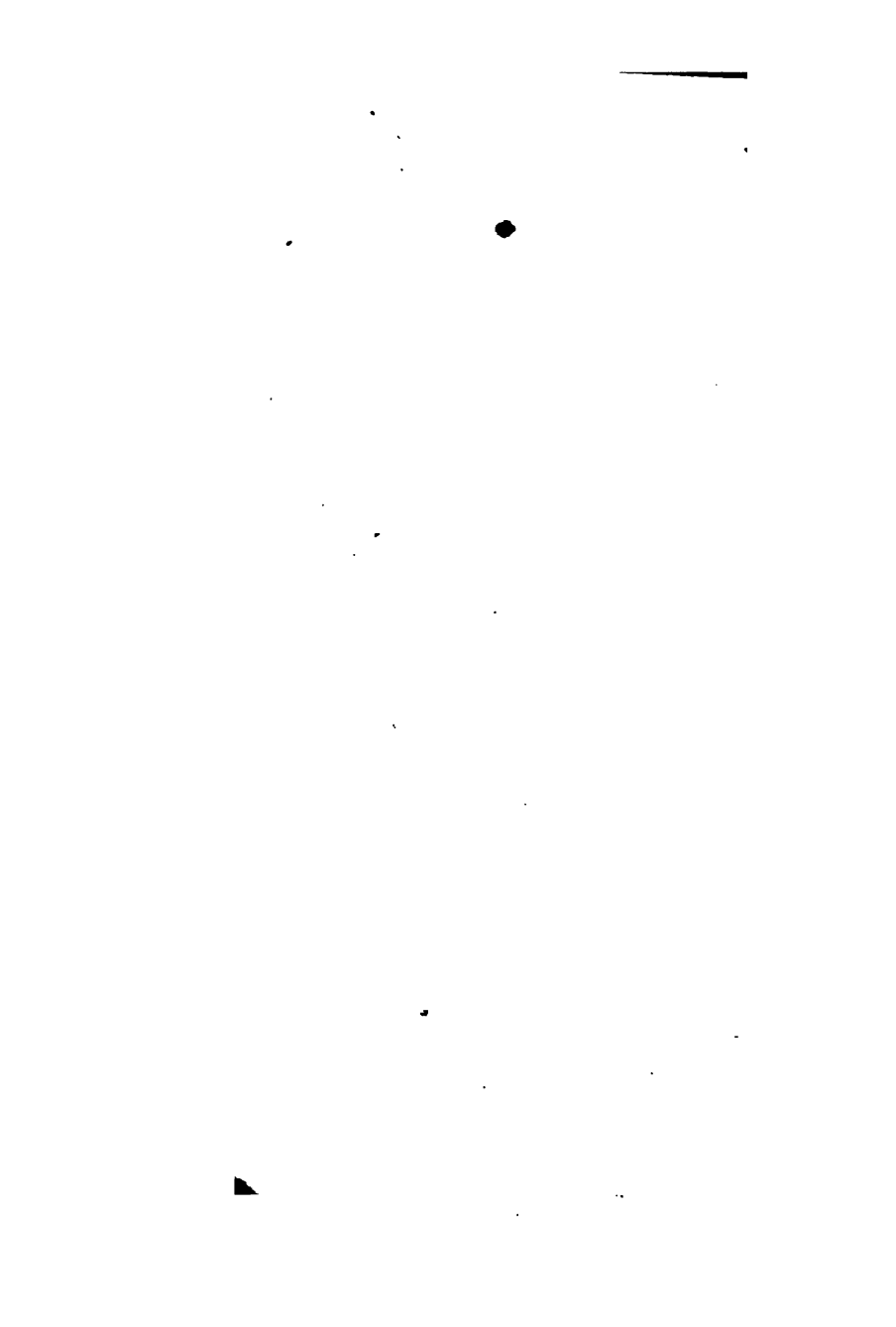
AFRICANUS.

DASHVOR.

CLOTENUS.

CHARLES OF THE WEST.

&c. &c. &c.



AFRICANUS.

A DRAMA.

AFRICANUS.

O the glittering blade, the
Banner and the shield, with
The brilliant caskets that were
Ever found by the craftiest
Chinese. And he with
His mighty hand waved
The banner over them,
And over this glorious
Nation ; and prays for
The richest blessings.
And on fair Narvis's blooming
Breast he placed the sparkling
Casket. As she moved, it
Dazzled the eyes of those
Around her, as Jupiter
Does the arch-angels of
Heaven. Last night I
Heard him speak of
His fair Narvis, and marked
His words. All was
Calm, as if all creation
Slumbered. By the
Golden chain that across
The sacred heavens concave
Was stretched this night
Reaching into the vaults of

Hell. There you could
See them contriving a
Plan to cut the chain and
Let him down into the deep
And bottomless pit.
It is a shame he fell ;
But he did, and all
The devils then arose,
And all the angels on him
Smiled and sounded the
Trumpets and the harps
When he returned.
This was seen by mortal
Eyes, as they viewed from
Mount Sinai.

DASHVOR.

The works of God are wonderful,
But I do not believe all
You have said. But he
Has the power to fill the
Heavens with electric fire,
And stop all the rolling
Works, and take from us
The rays of the radiant sun,
Turn all the mighty main
Into inhabited cities,
Convert sinners into just
Men, and cause to appear
Before him all the
Glittering throng of holy
Angels, and from east and
West, and create moving
Beings from nothing, or out
Of the dust bring forth
Man. O sons of Europe !
Sons of America, and

All nations of men
Reflect on this—and
See what you are, and
What you may yet be !
O see his power !
In hell binding the Devil
At his will. In Heaven
Ruling as king. O you
Should praise him for
His mighty power and
His great works. It is
Out of the power of mortals
To behold him. It was
By him protracted, as
Quick as if he was struck
With a thunder bolt of the
Skies—a sight of him would
Do this.

CLOTINUS.

My axe is sharp—it was
Ground on the rock of
Wrath—it was polished
By the Gods of war—it
Was tempered by the
Electricity from the
Laboratory of Heaven,
And sealed by the
Great seal which stamps
The gates of Hell.
No fire can change
The temper of this
Weapon. If thy arm
Is strong it is sufficient
To contend against the
Devils of Tartarus—
O I am prepared for

War. Jupiter is in his
Full glory, see how he
Glistens.
The moon does not
Refuse its light, the
Lyres are not silent, all is
In our favor. Let us
This night go. Soon we
Shall have a storm.
See how the day star
Looks—the air is light
The smoke falls. All
Is in our favor. If we
Wait until the storm comes
On we shall fail. O for
Heaven's sake let us go,
I beseech you without
Delay, let us go—go
This night. Let me
See you with the fair
Dames of Varna,
In this frozen region
Gliding on the white
Bosom of this holy
Land. After she
Returned from the
Holy land, where sages
Have fallen. O there
Is no traveler to proclaim
Their fame.
As worlds on worlds are
Striving for, have moved
Away like inconstant
Things, yet you can see
The works of God are
Still firm and changeless.
O see that man, if

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

He is suffered to be
Called a man. O see
His grave countenance,
His deep eyes. His sharp
Face, small hand, his *
Dark ringlets hung around
His expressive brow.
O England! fair and
Noble land—your sages will
Be remembered to all
Coming time. Milton's
Sacred rhymes are enough
To make England immortal,
Leaving out Lord Byron the
Immortal poet.
It is out of the power of
The infernal Devils to
Immolate him. Are
They not next to Greece
And Rome in the point
Of literature. We must
Make some allowance
When Homer and Socrates
Wrote. You may think you
Have greater men than
They were. You have had
The foundation to build
Upon. You ought to
Have made some allowance.
O ye Gods of Italy! Speak,
Let every one praise and
Own his own nation,
And ever love her.
England has her faults
As well as other nations,
No one is perfect. The
Protestants are guilty of

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

Some horrible crimes, as
Well as the Roman Catholics.
Condemn them not but make
Them better.

CHARLES OF THE WEST.

Last night I saw the
Glittering spear over his
Shoulder placed. They
Spoke stop! Your writing
Or we will thrust you through
I care not for your threats,
I am guarded against
Infernal Devils. He turned
His glittering edge toward
Heaven and spoke. O hast
Thou left me?
Then he on the trackless
Rolling, glittering, sparkling,
Sacred main, went as
Though he had seen some
Infernal devils slumbering
By their posts. Q who
Who would desire to see the
Sages of London or Duttlin
O stop take to you that
Fair Dame. Seek for no
More wisdom. I think
That you are insane,
I know you are a fool,
I advise you as you hear
Me, it is your duty to
Obtain all the knowledge
You can. See Africanus
Obtained knowledge from those
Like you, if they are fools.

CHARLES,

If one could hear you
And not see you, they
Might think you wise,
And great as Typhano,
Who found a resting place
Under Mount *Ætna*,
Or Typhon, who had
The power to make
Jupiter tremble, and
Wise Minerva if he
Did groan because
Jupiter did consider
Minerva, if Juno was
The orator. O take
From me this thirsty
Wolf, he is gaping
For my blood. O take
Him, take him away!
Hurl him to Tartarus,
Even that is too good
For the wretch. O see
The Goddess of that
Golden ship, one
Pointing towards Jupiter,
And the other buried
In the deep rolling waves
While her golden breast
Is dashing against the
Angry waves, and running
Beneath the waves three
Cables deep, and next
Arising until you can
Inscribe your name on
The concave heavens, decked
With the noblest Goddesses of
Europe, singing the merry

HOURLS OF REFLECTION.

Songs of joy. Thinking it
Is impossible to sink
There in the polluted Uxine
For thy war pilotted by
The God of the Seas !
He could calm the tempter,
It was pleasure for them
To ride thus. The higher
They were, the plainer the
Songs that were sent forth
From the lyre of Heaven
Were heard. O give me
The ship.

It is heaven on sea, not
On earth.

Next the God of Nature, in
The interest she manifested,
Who builds its towers, and
Lays up its treasures in the
Rugged oaks or the hemlock,
As they on the towering hill
Bow to the tempest.

The Gon of Nature protects
Them as they are rocked.
All is calm, the tempest is
O'er. No one is lost in
Devastation, no one trembles
In fear of hell—no one
Mourns because they have
Not got to heaven, for
All is corrupt—heaven
Is polluted by the inferior
Gods. They stained the path
As they wandered to the
Vaults of hell. Let none
Chose, for those have
Been purified that they might
Walk with clean feet on

The golden road to the gates
Of heaven. They were thrown
Into the fire to try their
Virtue, as you would gold.
Many have been set free,
For they by traitors were
Condemned, and sent to the
Vaults of hell while they
Were innocent.

MURETHO OF EGYPT.

You astonish me, your
Imagination is great. I
Can see your whole form
In words that you have
Wrote. When I have raised
My eye to the vaults of heaven
I have seen the Gods
Consulting. What power
Will we have in coming
Time. I have seen the
Names of many inscribed
On the pyramids of Egypt,
And seen the halls where
The sacred gods have sat,
And paid pounds to
Treacherous goddess, and
Have seen them turn away
Their faces with shame from
• Their lovers, and turn again
And speak of love, and wipe
From their eyes the false
Tears of affection. O! it
Seemed to me there was
No more than one God.
The dames have one to
Accomplish their desire.

What they pray for they
Have. If there is only
One God, then he is
The author of good and evil ;
We have the scripture for
Our proof.

HANSON.

I have the fairest
Relations in this town ;
The wealthiest of all the
Graduates of Ohio College,
And belong to the
Abolition section of
Society. O she is fair !
And I am the best
To sustain her.

HONERUS.

O you brag much,
But you have not
The testimony that you
Say you have. She sprung
From the lowest end of
Nothing. You the same.
I had rather converse
With the infernal devils
Than with you, for you
Are so mean, you have
No principles of morality ;
All you have to boast
Of is your relations.
Many may fight for that
Which they know is false,
To make their relations
Think its true. Your
Sister, you from what

I said about her, think
Is true. She is not ;
She was far from that.
If he did promise to
Have her, she was corrupt
As he was. She did it
To get him ; it cost
Her much ; she was
Used to it. She found
Him on the packet, and
He proclaimed her good
To all, yet she was broken
Hearted, and she bared
Her blooming cheek, which
Glistened with paint and
The best perfume. I call
Her not his goddess.

TIMOTHY.

There is no harm in this,
But I would die before
I would boast such a sister.
She is worse than the one
That wore the black veil.
I have seen her coming from
The classic halls ; her eyes
Did sparkle, her best
Relation was as bold as
A Roman warrior ; she
Was corrupt as the Egyptian
Harlots. Is this consistent
With holy saints ? She has
A great estate, and some of
Her friends, as well as Timon,
Arose in fame. It is no
Harm to cast from him
The Athenians and the

Chinese do it for excitement
On it, they think no harm
Of it, but if they get drunk
On wine they are condemned.
If water is turned into
Wine, this is a sacred
Act, but if it be made
Of grapes, it is wrong to
Drink it. Horace was
A lover without wine,
But a sage with it.
Is this astonishment ?

THEOPHILUS.

The weapon of death
Was raised above him
As he laid on the ground.
As it was directed to his
Heart, a friend by his
Side turned it from him
And raised a weapon of
Defence. He acted his
Part like a brave soldier ;
He fought for his country,
For the liberty of his own
Race. O many a night
He has lain on the
White bosom of the earth,
And on the rugged cliff.
His bark has been wasted
Against the rocks. His
Groans were heard, but
No one to assist him ;
None but his foes were
Near. They had rather
See him die than survive.
He by his side had stayed

Until he was lost in the
Forest chase. They mourned,
But it was all in vain !
He fought as long as he
Could. He saw many
Of his friends by his
Side drop dead ; it was
No use for him to weep,
He must fight or die.
O will you die under this
Curse you gave your
Country for pounds of
Gold, and darst not fight.

CHAPENIUS.

We are commanded to
Keep the will of God.

HEATH.

You are a fine man
To preach God's will.
I attended your church
This day. I could preach
Better when I was ten
Years old than you do.
Your church is dying on.
Your hands ; you talk
As if you had no talents.
I would make him give
As much as one who
Has been in your place.
Your praying and singing
Sounded like the roaring
Of lions and the bellowing
Of bulls in a slaughter
Yard. Each one thought
He was doing the will of

God, because he had
Been told by some
Fool like you.
You know not the name
Of God or the devil,
All to you is the same.
Like a spleeny woman,
Who will take a pill
Made from brown bread
For opium, and it will
Have the same desired effect,
It saves the physician some
Expense. If you tell
Your hearers that they have
Seven souls they would believe
It, because it comes from
The preacher, and they
Dare not deny it.
If they do, they are sent
To hell.

CHAPANIUS.

O you will repent of
What you now have said.
You will find the vaults
Of torment for what you
Have here said against
The church, hard to endure ;
God will not be saluted
In the manner you have
Done it. They are not all
Fables that are found in
The sacred Scriptures.
I will say the deists
Are the best reasoners
In the world. And they
Will confound the divines

But the bible is given
For the benefit of God's
People. This was his desire,
There are some that commence
Preaching when they ought not to.

HEATH.

You are the most sincere
Preacher I ever heard or
Saw. I know not whether
You know enough to keep
This thing to yourself, or
Wish to deceive the people
As most of the divines wish
To. I will not charge you
With my faults, for there are
Enough in the Church.
You admitted one fact,
The Deist's are the greatest
Reasoners in the world,
When they assemble the
Angels tremble. And
Ask what will be our
Fate. If they feared not
Thy power, they need not
Tremble. They will do
Justice, for they believe
God is just. Mon Dieu
O why do you tremble.
When the deist's raise
They will do you no harm,
For they will not attempt
To oppose the god of all
For fear they might into
His hands of revenge fall.
But they stand in fear of
No devils, O what happy

Ones at the close of
Their lives. You spoke of
Waking after death. You are
Out of your senses, here my
Noble lord and design
This as something which
You do not understand,
And believe as all the
Olden sages did.
His belief then was in
God—As a raging army
Thus if you thought they
Could make the
People believe it.

CHAPENIUS.

O see their sacred temples
And their holy altars
Look to Egypt's holy land.
Meretho has been worshipped,
Memphis' name is inscribed
On the holy tombs and
You can see the footstep
Where the holy Gods have
Walked, and see the
Place where the magnificent
Holy temple was plundered
By Canabal's, O it is
Out of the power of man to
Express with words on any
Lyre, or words alone, or
Notes, organ, Archangel,
Angel, inferior God's or
Goddesses, or any sceptred
Dame or any Artist
*Paint the blessings and
Happiness man can have*

In Heaven with his God
O reflect on these blessings
He has conferred on
This nation. There may
Be countless other nations
Under his protection, superior
Or inferior, we know not a
Place for them, we know not
More than we know our destiny,
But we believe that man
Is saved. He may ride nearly
Five millions of miles, and then
Only commence his journey.
O what a horrible thought,
To embark! O, must we
Leave this glorious land—
This is my happy home—
Where is there a place that
Is more beautiful than this
On her white bosom we
Can turn and leave our
Heads surrounded by the
Brilliant luminaries, and
Next we can ride in the
Golden chariot on the
Glittering paths where the
White deer are playing,
All this you can, if you
Wish for, have. O the
Second thought, that we must die!
And are we not to live again,
God presents before us Heaven
And Eternal Life. And then,
O think of Hell. See them
There from the heart throughout
Fear. O what hopeless
Beings. I do not wish to
Live if that is my fate,

To fall to Hell. We know
Not where we shall wake.
See her eyes, they are
Started from their sockets,
I will swear she is mad,
See here grate her teeth,
She has fell. Those ringlet
Locks once hung on her
White marble neck. They
Swung as Zephyrs wafted
Them. They are gone,
See them placed in the
Fire of Hell and yet it
Cannot consume them.
I support the Church,
I for one care not whether
My name is written in the
Book of Eternal Happiness,
If it is not I wish to stop
Here. O I must say it,
I am afraid. O I tremble
I weep to think, to think
Of what I am, to think
Of Hell--Oh what a fool!
Is there not a God?
Yes, and he will protect
Me!

HEATH.

You are about my opinion
There is too much preaching
For the good of this country.
This country is capable of
Taking care of itself, it is
This we do know, we know
Nothing about the future.

Your church turned in—in
The best style, and yet the
Author of sin, the best
Organs and harlots to sing
Your songs as you stand
In the pulpit preaching the
Laws of God and they at
The same time violating
Them as they stand in the
Marble gallery, with their
Rosy lips sending forth the
Melodious song. Their blooming
Breasts are as white as snow,
Or the marble that is before
Them. Their cheeks are as
Fair as the lilly of the fields,
Their words are as sweet as
The perfume from
The fresh rose in the morn,
Yet they are harlots, their
Words are enough to break
The hearts of mad Poets
And turn the strongest
Minds.
Their eyes are as a piercing
Spear—he who looks on them
Is obliged to yield to endure
The pains. This is your Church
Hell, Heaven, Earth, Main and
Land—Harlots, Sages, Poets,
Priests and Fools, all are
Here. All have come to
Hear your words, and have you
Analyze the misteries of God,
As the priest makes it appear
So to most. O why do
You not leave off your sophistry,
And take a turn or two

In science, not that you
Know is folly, and make
The fools believe it true.
You have the chance to
Instruct a large audience,
All you say does no good.

CHAPENIUS.

It is the duty of the Philosopher
To instruct knowledge in
Science, and my duty is to
Teach them how to live to
Inherit eternal life. One
Man cannot fill all stations,
If a man was designed for
A Priest, he will not make
A good Physician.

HEATH.

You are right, you believe as
I do, but you might
Impart more knowledge
Than you do, and not preach
Up so much of your Hell fire,
It makes me feel bad
O I beseech you do not,
Do not for Heaven's sake,
And mind, do not speak
Of Hell when I am in
Your Church.

CHAPENIUS.

That is what I want, I
Want to make you tremble,
I wish to have you repent,

Principles, become a good
Christian, and a follower
Of Christ Jesus.

O hear me, these are my
Last words, to thee as a
Sacred friend, I ask you
I know the truth, this is
What I can swear to,
You must repent.

HEATH.

O, O ! I am miserable,
If your Gods will make
Me happy, I will follow
Them.

GREGORIUS THE GREAT.

From Nortres fair to
Bristol and the Spanish
Shore, to Oxford's classic
Halls, he carried in his
Heart the noble Irish blood. ¹
He lived then on my farm,
And we wandered there the
Fairest. He to himself would
Keep musing. He would often
Break out with words of
Rhyme in great eloquence
He has often spoke of
Sanding still and see the
Turks and Spaniards hurl
The darts of death, and turn
To their cups and say
We are drinking blood
And we are not of this flesh.
Here is the fair Indian
"aid on the western

Shores of Oregon
She stands. In her
Hand she holds the
Healing herb. It extends
Towards the sister's breast,
O she replied. Like this
Has cured many as
Frail as they ever were,
Whole blooming cheeks
Had faded. I rested
On her rosy cheeks and
Her sparkling eye.
O take this I will swear
By the sacred Gods it will
Relieve thee of the plague
O you have from the
Far Eastern shores. Love
Come to see this land of
Sacred Medicine.
There the God of Nature
Has placed his laboratory,
To prepare all medicines.
Oh how sad you look,
How pale your cheeks are,
O I wish to see the fair,
You make me sad to
See you carry such a
Deathlike look. You will be
True to your God, if not,
My life is at your command.

DEAN.

Your kind offer I
Cannot repair. I place
Confidence in what you
Have said, if this will
Restore what you said

It would, I would not
 Refuse my hand. My
 Life is depending on thee,
 There is no one but thee
 Can help me. Your
 Words are affecting.
 Would to God I could
 Entreat thee, and in the
 Same manner I brought
 Tears in my eye when
 I heard you speak.
 If you do belong to the
 Indian race, I despise
 Thee not. You are of a
 Free nation ; can any one
 Tell me when your race
 Was in servitude ?
 Does history tell us ?
 O may all-coming time
 Advance something more
 To the reasoning sages.
 O why ! O why has not
 The remedy been before.

HEATH.

If the Trojans had from
 The Greek wished to
 Invade their country thirty
 Years before they did, they
 Might have prepared for
 Such a great war. Ten years
 They were besieged, and then
 Fell. This time was sad to
 Them. They wished to God
 The horse they had never
 Seen ; but some other
 Measures might have

Been taken to accomplish
Their design. The Greeks were
Powerful at this time. It was
Pleasure for the soldiers to
Lay to the Trojan walls.
If they by chance could
See fame and sup on
B'ood, it served them
The same as wine.
The life of man was
Considered no more
Than a brute's. They
Were led on by some
Ambitious man.
All his desire was fame.

EDMUND OF THE WEST.

I have travelled from this
World to the olden world ;
Seen all physicians I ever
Heard of ; any medicines
Will do me as much
Good as the Indian
Would. A fortune I have
Spent to recover my health ;
I have come over all
Land and sea to the
American shores. To hell
Let them go who turn
Against their mother country.
Rawdon, why do you
Not fight the infernal
Devils. We will gain their
Liberty, it will be like
That which sprung from
The vaults of hell. Keep
Them bound, they will

Make good slaves ; they
Are not capable of
Taking care of themselves.
It was desired by the
God of heaven this land
Should be under the
Dominion of England.
They are relicts sent from
England's holy shores.

JOSEPHISTUS.

If they were sent from
Your holy shores, what
Right have you over them ?
None. We will show you
We are capable of
Taking care of ourselves,
For all you British
Officers. What right
Have you here ? No more
Than a devil in heaven.
If it is possible for man
To pollute this land, you
Have this land. You
Lost old England,
Although you all are
Noblemen to speak.
You call yourself a prince
Of nobles, come to America
To proclaim your authority.
If you had gone to
Ireland, who is not able
At the present time to have
Their rights, you might
Speak as you do. If you
Do not leave soon, your
Countrymen will be obliged

To take you away a corpse.
I should like to see her
Feast on thee. O how would
Rejoice, you poor contemptible
English officer. Die, you
Ought to die three deaths
And be three days dying
Each. You think the Americans
Ought to be slaves to hellish
England, and there is your
Duke; he is a fine man,
If you would take from
Him his faults, and that
Would take all. O he
Is cold; one of England's
Noble sons. O what a noble
Name, Dick! His wool
Must be fine. I do not
On the man that insulted
The Americans when he
Visited them. You had
Good success at New Orleans,
I should think you would
Want another war with
The Americans.
O old John Bull has
Enough to fight with.
Look at Ireland; the
God of Justice will
Hurl you where Jupiter
Hurled Lisyphus, and
Call on Juno to raise
You from the vaults.
O happy Gods of Ireland,
Imps of England, you
Are as bad as the Jews,
Who would not own

Christ. Your blood
 Would pollute the liquid
 Fires of hell. O corruption]
 From my sight !

ESYMAN FROM THE WEST.

O they may have the
 Spears of death, and
 Mighty sceptres, all affects
 Nothing ; they cannot
 Accomplish the least
 Thing. They may send
 Forth their words of insult ;
 We care nothing for what
 They say. Their words do
 Not have the brilliant rays
 Like the sun, that illuminates
 The world ; she may boast
 Of her Homer and Virgil ; her
 Poets are great writers, but
 We have Bacon and Goethe,
 And we have Milton and Byron
 And Shakespeare !

STRAGANUS.

O England, fair and noble
 Soil, she has tried to be
 As noble as Rome, but it
 Is in vain for her to
 Attempt that, for she
 Cannot make Scotland
 Bow. As small as she
 Is, it was by her own
 Will. She joined with
 England, and then it was
 That she was found in bad
 Company. She has wished
 Many times she was free.

SIR WILLIAM.

Down with his fair dame.
On the rolling flames of
The West with his fair
Steeds he bore her on.
He returned to the sacred
City, and there on the
Glittering steeds they
Rode. He without a
Farthing sported on her
Fortune. She felt proud
To have this handsome
Suitor by her side.
He was nothing but a
Petty teacher. She had
No desire for fame,
But to live happy,
To live as she was
Told, read what
She was told to read.
She had a noble mother ;
Her father was a christian,
He was saved, not by
Chance. It was decreed.

WILKINS.

Do you think any is
Saved by chance ?
People saved by chance ?

SIR WILLIAM.

No, I do not, but there
Are some that believe
Such doctrine. All
Things come by chance.
If there is a God, he
Causes by chance.

• If he does does not go as
He causes them to go
In the lurch.
This is as consistant a doctrine
As the Atheistic doctrine ;
Save all themselves. Atheists
Advocate these principles.
If they should by chance
Make out to find themselves
In hell, they must say
It was by chance they
Come there.

RUSSELLETUS.

O the Bishop, the great
Venerable and divine, has
Meditated for many hours
And come to ~~his~~ conclusion,
All things from nothing
Sprung. O how the God
Of Nature speaks. Do you
Take from me the honor
Of creating man from
The earth, and from whence
Did that substance come,
Or all these unknown
Works that around each
Other whirl ? Did all
These spring from nothing ?
Who is your God, and
From what source did
He spring ? We believe
There is no space without
Substance. I think your
Doctrine is false. It shows
It on the face of it ; all
Things from nothing
Sprung. You do not

Know whether he created
This world from nothing.
And you have no reason
For such conclusions.

DELA.

Has not the God that formed
This planet here, the same
Power to form others from
Nothing.

RUSSELLETUS.

It is no reason that
A thing is formed, that
It was formed from
Nothing, because you do
Not know from what
Source the substance
Come. You have no
Right to say it was
From nothing.
I do not deny the existence
Of a God. We know
Not his attributes. It
Is in vain for one to
Try to tell the world.
He who will assume
This will assume the
Power of God.

EDMUND.

O turn from those
Solemn words. Say
No more of God. It
Makes me tremble.
Turn to other thoughts.
See that fair dame in

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

The heights of heaven.
On the marble floor,
In the giddy dance,
I know see she has been
Drinking wine. Her eyes
Do sparkle, her black
Hair does curl on her
White neck. She has
Sung the best song
This night I ever heard.
Next you will see her
In the vaults of hell.
O I had rather be a
Servant to a dog,
And lie on stone and
Live on the crumbs
Of a nobleman's table,
Than to live such a life.
The world of torment is
Enough, but the nod hell
Makes her, it makes me
Tremble! O to look on
Her rosy cheeks and her
Sparkling eyes, and think
Of what I have here
Said, to live such a
Life as you do, I had
Rather die a dog.
I should have the thought
That after reflecting, as
Arnold after he had
Proved a traitor, I had
Rather be in Tartarus.

WOODFORD.

If I had not, I would
Not do the crime
Again. But now I

Am in the work, I
May as well do all
I can, for the cares
Of any one centre in
A profession. It is
Their duty to do all
They can.

EDMUND.

What have you done
That you would not
If you had not.

WOODFORD.

It is righteousness to
Tell, but it is wrong.
I have been a traitor ;
I have sacrificed the
Honor of many an innocent
One to obtain fame, and fell
Into dishonor. O I
Ought not to declare
It. I am thought to be
A brave soldier, but they
Would not give me
Honor when I ought to
Have had it. If I
Had remained as I was
I would have rescued as
Much honor for the
Americans as Washington.

EDMUND.

It is too late for you
To repent. You are distinct,
For your name it is a horrible
One. I had rather be teased

Ten years on the spears of
Devils than to take your place.

JAMES.

I think you had better
Look something to your modesty.
This is very interesting, but
I think it leads on to
Infidelity. If all things
Sprung from nothing, and
The Gods created all things,
What is it to us. If we
Only have our due time
Served us, we know from
What the first God, or the
God of All sprung, and
What is it to us. Let us
Live as we ought to live.
Some drink and some are
Sober, and all think that
They are right. O all hail!
Ye Gods take my spirit
And reflect it on and
Love the bishop.
All this he has drank
At the fountain of knowledge.
He is as liable to err
As well as some that
Reflect on the destiny
Of man. Who does not
Build on hypothesis.
O there is a God who
Rules over the destiny of
Man—who keeps the worlds
Harmoniously in their
Revolving courses. Each
World has a God, and
Every nation worship

Some God, but they
 Dont believe he from
 Nothing sprung. The
 Pearling streamers and the
 Towering pine, the wild
 Beast of the forest cry
 There is a God.
 Philosophers will acknowledge
 This point, there must be
 A beginning to all things.
 Adieu my noble Lord
 I to morrow will see
 You again.

TIMITUS,

I know you are from the
 Best society. That is why
 I wish your company.
 It is not for my interest
 To harm you.

NANCY.

You had ? You intended
 It when you requested
 My company last Christmas.
 You told Lord Doane
 Your hellish heart.
 Why do you come
 Here with those falling
 Sirs from the vaults
 Of hell.

TIMITUS.

Do you think I am
 A hell myself?

NANCY.

I know it. I see

Thee worse than Tartarus,
The worst of all things.

TIMITUS.

I cannot agree with you.
I think a woman's
Tongue is worse than
Ten thousand glittering
Spears in his heart.
You know what you
Have said is false.
It was not my interest
To say anything, and
I never saw Lord Doane.
You did not understand
Me, I said you are the
Noblest dame of all the
Lords. It was dames
Instead of Doans. You
Might have saved yourself
A great many words if
You had only reflected
On what I said.

NANCY.

I care not what you did
Say, you may say as much
As you are a mind to
About your dames.

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LORD CLASSING.

Lord Classing in his
Height of happiness sat
On a golden sofa with
His noble goddess.

It was something remarkable
For him with them to
Meet. He by chance did
See them weep for him.

I saw his arms extended
To meet two of them ;
And they on him did
Seem to think much.

On his breast they
Laid their rosy cheeks.
Their sparkling eyes to his
Did extend the rays of love.

When Classing often from
Her rosy cheek did
Whipe the tear that
By Maville was caused,

He first loved Francis
And then forsook
Her and took Mary,
Who was the sweetest.

I have seen the noble
Goddess of Greece and
Rome. Lord Maville was
Pleased with Mary of York.

Many may say what
They please. I never
Saw one yet but
Loved some fair dame,

O he despises them
He has been forsaken
By some, by revenge
He has sinned against nature.

Man from the first
Foundation of the world
Never saw the time but
What he loved some dame.

Man has the infamy
Placed on him, he
Is a dishonest being
Of God's creation.

O what reason have
You to say, unless from
The holy scripture, that
Woman deludes man.

We know that woman
To man looks for
Counsel, and that
He is the Judge.

We know by reading
The classics, noble goddesses
Were worshipped. Their power
Is cursed by the Romans.

We know that we cannot
Make many believe
He was chosen of God
To save the people.

O no longer now regret
To say that he has
The power to save
Man from destruction.

At first I spoke of
Lord Clashing, with his
Arms extended over his
Dame, and was rejoicing.

O the rolling waves
And the rising ship
Are like the earth,
And are like man's life.

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

F A M E .

Come, I command you
By all that is sacred,
Come with your best
Fame for hot battle.

O what is life to honor ?
Die, die with me ye
Noble men of war, die for
What is sacred in heaven.

Call you many from
Their cares, which they
In the mountains
For many years shared.

They are noble. Many I
Know are noble ; they
Would not have lived as
They have, if they were not.

For your sake they lived
On bread and water, and
On the rock slept. O die
Before you leave them.

They have manifested
The hand of a Roman,
Will you refuse aid, when
You can bestow it on a friend.

My rights have been taken,
I cannot obtain them
Without conquest. We read
They lost the same in heaven.

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

To your command, my
Noble warriors, I am
Not the one who will
See a man's rights taken.

The noble warriors with
The fiery steeds into the
Battle field, came the
Rebels who polluted the ground.

Sparta rejoiced when he
Saw the army coming from
The mountains to assist
Him. He offered a sacrifice.

He thought it was his
Duty to do so, for it was
By this means he obtained
The soldiers from Pachas the Great.

They contended long with
Pachas in the battle field
They into each other thrust
The glittering spear and sword.

Each one crying out for
The spoils. Their commander
Sold his soldiers. This will
I give you for victory.

Like tigers they fought, and
Supped on the blood for
Nourishment and cried
Victory is ours, is ours!

He saw he was like
To be defeated, unless
He used means he would
Be massacred by savages.

At the time he gave
These, would the savages
Had the advantage of him
He in short turned his fate.

Each man was fighting
For his life. It was
Amusement for those
Who delight in war to see them.

O they were so brave
They could from each other
Take their hearts and rejoice
In their noble works,

He who fears death
Is not fit for a soldier.
Have the courage of a Cæsar
Or that of Demosthenes.

I despise not Demosthenes,
Although he was a coward,
Although his words would
Make one think he was brave.

For his life he plead
When he was imprisoned.
Does this not mark the
Path of a coward

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

THE BATTLE.

For heaven's sake ye Gods of
War arouse from your slumbers,
Spring to your fiery steeds,
Advance ye warriors, advance !

Rest not until every sound
Heart is torn from his body.
Thrust your glittering spears
Through their polluted hearts.

I say advance, for heaven's
Sake advance, they are strong ;
Use all your power, or we
Shall be enslaved. O advance !

O fight for your rights, your
Freedom. O your country is
Invaded. Put the spurs to your
Steeds and unto them rush.

Carry them before they spring.
Their hearts are on your
Glittering steel. The holy
Gods command it of you.

Will you be enslaved by
Infidels. No ! God forbid
It. Born a freeman, will
A noble Greek be enslaved ?

The streets were filled with
Blood. The groans would make
The walls of hell tremble
And the old Devil blush.

Again they with their
Fiery steeds advance
Into the host. Ben exclaimed,
Hold for heaven's sake hold !

The blood was gushing from
His heart, O save my
Nation ; with a groan for
His nation he died happy.

The host was led by a
Noble lord. His name was
Duramville. Ben fell after
Pulling the glittering spear from his side,

He was not like Branchmans,
Who were drunk with wine. There
Are some that have no courage
Without they are half drunk.

No more were his words heard ;
His eloquence was felt in the
Senate halls. He was the
Best lawgiver and warrior they had,

O sacred, just and divine,
From Heaven the last descended
To amuse mankind, and to
Raise him to some big station.

From hell, redeemed by blood
He arose and was washed by
Blood through Providence,
By the way of Purgatory.

Time chides us on. I
Have no time to sport
With my dame in the
Giddy dance or the merry song.

To battle I must go—
No delay on my part. The
Sound of the war trumpet
Strikes my ear ; I must go.

Eugene his brother came ;
Into wrath he burst forth, to
See his brother's heart lie on
The ground, the swine feeding on his body

He looked like a tiger fed
On warm blood among
The kids let to satisfy his
Hunger. He spoke ; all before him trem-
bled.

He from his sheath drew his
Sword. Ye noble warriors
Follow me. We will butcher
Every rebel before us.

If you follow me—if you
Die in the conquest, you die
With honor and you are immortal,
If you do not, you will die in grief.

Every soldier to his arms sprung ;
A word from every soldier came, we
Will fight for you ; sacrifice our
Lives for heaven. Rush on the foe.

With Eugene the noble
Warriors went on their fiery
Steeds. The rebels cried for
Quarter. Oh how they cried.

Eugene replied, I will have
Revenge for my brother's life.
They trembled for fear they all
Should be murdered by Eugene.

Give no quarter, ye noble
Soldiers, to the hell deserving
Rebels. Carry their hearts on
Your bayonets before you.

Sing your songs of victory,
Which in battle may make
The struggle turn in your favor
With greater praise on your part.

He is a coward who will
Stop for blood while in
Battle ; let them furnish him
A flaming cup of rum,

Sing your song and sport
In your giddy dance after
Battle. Those that are saved
Let them be your slaves for life.

Scorn them not, Gangrene,
Because they did not excel in
Battle ; your arm was strong, well
Skilled in war. They are ignorant.

EIRGEN.

From the Atlantic Ocean
Into the Indian Ocean, to
The China sea, by the fates of
A god, Eirgen was driven.

He went from the Yellow Sea
To the desert of Sahara, traversed
The wilds to Central Europe
With his host that bade him home.

He was wafted on the tempestuous
Sea by Zephus, driven over
The rolling billows, and his noble
Ship cutting the briny waves.

The distant thunder was
Amusing to him as he was
Gliding over the billows when
Running mountains high.

The electricity flashing on the
Concave heavens, served for
His light in a storm, when
He escaped the dangerous rocks.

From his own laboratory, if he
Could not obtain it from heaven,
Would send forth the lightning
To form light on the black sea.

He with his magic power and
Might almost could make gods
Tremble and angels descend from
Heaven, and to him pay their homage.

As long as he had been
Tossed on the tempestuous sea,
Wafted to and fro by Zephyrus
On the Euxine's polluted waters.

The graves of wandering spirits
On the Euxine sea—his warning
Of false prophets never, never
Made him tremble before battle.

His words ever to his noble
Soldiers were, "let us conquer
Or die in honor." Will you
Die slaves? Great God forbid it.

O a word from this orator
Would arouse them from
Their sluggish movements.
A word and they would sup blood.

They would like to see
The hearts of their foes whirling
On the glittering spear, extended
Towards heaven. Here are the rebels.

They would sing the merry
Song and sport in the giddy
Dance, while the swine were
Feasting on the noble soldiers.

O to see the swine feasting
On the human race, which
By God were designed to
Rule the inferior creatures.

M A N .

Man at the first creation
Was perfect. This is taught
Us by Holy Writ and
Established by all nations.

Degraded by the introduction
Of sin. Until this was done
Man knew nothing of sin,
And better had he been had he not.

We will not charge God
With sin, for we know
God created all things,
Heaven and earth and the lowest hell !

The fears of hell makes men
Tremble, and the desire of
Heaven makes him rejoice, and
When he gets there he will thank his God.

He is the highest order of the
Animal creation, endowed
With a mind, that he is
Capable of judging of all.

He has frame that acts
And nerves that move him ;
A body, the blood that passes
And returns to the heart.

We will speak nothing of
The nervous system, but of the
Mind of man ; without this
Man is nothing but a brute.

Much has been said on the
Mind, and I may differ from
You on this point ; many
Say the mind is separate from the brain .

ask in all sense and cause
What mind can a man have
When he is deprived of his brain ?
If this is not conclusive then why ?

We know that man has no
Mind without the brain ; thus
When we act we think, stop
The action and we cannot think.

You may take an organ without
The will. What there to act ? There
Will be no music ; all is dead.
There is the body, the brain ceases to act.

It is the office of the brain to think,
As we term it, as it is the office
Of the hand to hold the pen,
Or to wield the sceptre of power.

The brain has been examined
From time to time. Aristotle to the
Present cannot solve the cause.
It is somewhere there it dwells.

There is nothing that leaves
Man when he leaves the world,
Except the breath of life, that
He received when he came into it.

She with her thundering
Eloquence drove her husband
From his cottage door, for no
Other cause than that he loved his cups.

He still loved them more.
The thought ~~that~~ it was wrong
For him to drink, and
Still he drinks more wine.

She stood and drank with
A swollen neck and bloated
Cheeks and drank, and
Said you foolish creature.

O he in sadness and
Solitude wept, because
He could not drink
With his dame as he thought.

O there is nothing worse
Than a treacherous dame,
Or the thunderings of a woman's
Tongue without a cause.

She from some noble
Motive left her cups and
Advised him to do the same,
For her own benefit, not his.

They change the name of the
Author of all blessings and
Virtue and generous deeds
And bring deceit and woe.

They have the power
To do much good,
Yet more sin fetch
They than virtue.

It was by them, we are
Told, that sin was
Introduced. O why
Do they curse virtue.

O may the highest
Angel of the skies descend
And banish drinking
And women of deceit.

From the foundation of
The Egyptian Empire to
The present times, all things
Convince us of the evil of the cup.

O did I say reform ;
I think that there is a
Chance for sin to be
Descarded from the foundation.

O it is wrong to sit and
Sin in melancholy ;
By this you entice men
From the paths of virtue.

O it lessens no more
The guilt to bow to his
Superior ! No great stoic.
With all the great respect.

O may you take
The sweet wine from
Her rosy lips, and
What did you then find.

She to one declares her
Love, and the other the
Same, and at last
She is described the same.

O boast not of your
Virtues! The wisest and
The best may fall and
What others have may you.

ON A MAN OF POMP.

There is a man, noble in form,
Ferocious, like some rude man
Who calls himself a bully, he
Looks more like a bull than a sage.

His head looks like some idiot's
That walks the streets of Rome,
For many years his father kept
Him within the classic walls.

Thus like a swine he obeyed
His keepers words, good or bad,
And never had a thought of his own,
But did as his father told him.

O for heaven's sake deliver me
From such a school, where such
A fool has been; who is bound
Because his father desires.

Kings and queens have been
Led to this belief and carried
It out to the full extent.
And not more fully than in our day.

"O lovely child;" his father says
He is immortal, and so his
Mother thinks; and they are the
Only ones who do.

He thought he knew something of
Love. A fair dame by him
Was courted, but her father
Thought his blood not noble enough.

He knew something of principle,
And yet he was so vile that
He thought his own conversion
Would bring him sorrows.

At last his father took him
Home to feed stall cattle and
Tend the still tub, for yet he drank
Wine like a British soldier.

He was a noble man in the eyes
Of some, for he attended the
Church and the priest ; think no
Less of him because he went to church.

He condemned all sectarianism.
He was the strongest, yet I
Could swim as far as he,
So yet he must be weak.

His father got so he could trust
Him out of the stall, the same
As some will trained animal of
The low brute creation.

He thought his name was
Good, and would give
It when requested by
Any one of his particular friends.

He appeared to know
All men's business
Better than his own,
And attended to theirs better.

They would not pay
Him for the time.
He spent in finding
Out their choicest secrets.

He would, when he had
A chance to meet a
Man, ask what is the
Best business to embark.

O he was far from
Turning soldiers into lawyers,
Cobblers into priests, and
Farmers into teachers.

ON MY RETURN TO COLLEGE.

Once more heaven has been aroused
From her slumber. Archangels thunder
Comes roaring along to give intelligence
That near was deliverance. The flying
Artillery over the blazing walls of hell
Escaped. The trumpet to his
Mouth was placed, and thus he
Spoke : Fall back ! all ye who
From this realm have fled,
Ye have stained my altars with
Your polluted blood. You think
By forming conspiracy you can
Dethrone me. The devil blushed
When this he heard, so frank he
Spoke, and thus he replied :
You know all things that I
Before my expulsion knew
And before I undertook to contend
Against such a king. I only thought that
you

Was nothing but a king, but I
Will own that thou art a God.
In mourning he passed back to
Erubus, saying to his subjects,
That it is wrong to fight against
Such a king. He to his people
Pointed out the ship which with
A silver chain from heaven was
Raised, and safely piloted it to the
Shores of happiness. Then with the
Golden cup with the wine of France
He supped. We are destined
To remain here ; it is in vain
For us to think of dethroning such

A king. I saw a light from
Heaven descend with a golden
Glow. It was carried. It bore
Resemblance to pure oxygen on
Fire set. At first it dazzled my
Eyes. Long I beheld the light
The dimmer it grew. It faded.
No more those sparkling eyes did
Seem to me as if a comet
Had first appeared. O she into
my embraces kindly fell. Her pure
Red lips looked up in token of
Friendship; she kindly left me
Then and turned upon me her
Sparkling eyes expressive of intelligence.
The thunderings of heaven and the
Groanings of hell would not
Make her bear my company.
O when I was about to leave her
For Italy, her eyes did seem to
Start from their sockets. From them
The tears run over her rosy
Cheeks; her heart did throb
With such force to all appearance,
Not but short time it could
Fulfil its office. O when
I saw this, O, O, O, then she
Had my sympathy, if the devil
Has not helped her to this deceit.
She was dressed in the richest robes,
From the highest class of Scotland
In America. I saw that
She was accomplished in all
Things. She of wars would converse,
On State affairs she would hold
Counsel; by her eloquence she
Would amuse the audience.

If they were Americans she spoke of
liberty.

She would scan the heavens
And in the deep researches
Of nature to Nature's God she
Could go. But ah! she had
That sympathy when once she
Had application, she flourished.
By a lord she was courted;
He, like Lord Byron, could
Mind their operation. This was
All he knew. He won her
Affections, then left her when
He had done so, hopeless.
How she looked! Her
Eyes like serpent's sparkled
Like flashes of light. Such
Groans, such sounds, like
The distant thunder, grand!
Her glittering dagger entering
Her holy heart! O she from
Her head threw a black
Glistening lock, which once
In ringlets hung on her
White marble neck. O when
I returned, a friend told
Me what was the cause of it.
It made my blood curdle
In my veins to see what
That direful lord had done.

ON A BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.

As I was travelling to Saratoga
One day with a physician,
I heard him talk of his learning.
He believed in Mesmerism and clarevo
ance.

He by this means tried to cure
All the diseases that came in his
Way. He would tell the patient he
Past the help of man in medicine.

He boasted of his miraculous
Success; in fact he was the
Servant, the clarevoiant did the
Cure, and he stole the honor.

O horrible! to take man's blood
Is wrong; I do it myself in
Case of necessity, as in case of
The blood rush on the brain.

O the poor botanic from that
On to phrenology, he could
Prove it by Mesmerism, his
Clarevoiant proved to be true.

O the poor botanic and his
Clarevoiant, with a dose of the
Third preparation, cured a
Man of the Consumption.

They let Nature cure the disease
And from God's laboratory they
Steal their fame, saying, "This
Is my wisdom." Oh shame !

O he bowed to me and
Yielded his principles as a
Fiery steed does yield to
The rider, or the tempests of the Gods.

THE COBBLER.

She with her lovely
Countenance from him
Did hasten thus. He to
Her embarrassment did look.

His friends rejoiced and have
Mourned tears at his mishap,
And they down the blooming
Cheeks did roll to the ground.

He mother said, O daughter
What have you done, O what
Have you done. Thrown yourself
Away. O horrible! ye goddesses!

Who was adored by all the
Sages of the day, to give thyself
To a Cobbler. O noble mother,
She said, it is love that intices me.

You love! O fie for shame,
You mean nothing of that,
Yet you only think of it
Not out of you. O horrible!

Talk of connubial life or
Go to Egypt. I would go to the latter
Although it was with some noble
Lord, then I would be contented.

O mother give me my choice,
I had rather live with the

Cobbler in a hut than with
A lord in a marble temple without love.

O her appealing to her mother's
Sympathy with tears in her eyes
Made her submit. O horrible!
Can'st thou not withhold thy love?

Next come her uncle with
Vengeance in his sparkling eyes,
You shall not marry that
Cobbler by the holy poker.

O see the lovely dame,
She struggles, she is pale
As death—her blood ceased to
Flow, but at last she revived.

She aroused from her excitement,
I will marry by the powers of love,
Or I will spill the last
Drop of innocent blood in my heart.

O what determination for that
Dame, it is equal to the ancients
Who carried in their own hands,
The destinies of Empires!

A few weeks of sadness to her broken
Heart rolled by—the castle bell
Tolled her funeral dirge; she
Died a victim at follies shrine.

On the surface
Of the sparkling
Water which finds
Its way through the
Forest, and over the
Roaring cliffs and
On the winding valley
And rolling plain,
I had roamed—all
For amusement, alone :
Not a friend was with
Me. I thought they were
All foes, and yet my
Friends were treacherous
And yet true. I could
Not find one when I
Wanted assistance. Three
Days I locked myself
In my room, and no
One did I see. Five
Hundred times I
Wrote at midnight
And rode my steed
Over the rugged crags,
No one could follow me.
My songster's were the hooting
Owl, the barking Fox,
And the howling Wolf ;
My company were
Tigers, and wild beasts,
And yet they seemed friendly,
No human being was
So friendly as they were
They had a furry coat,

And my meat was venison
On my coat I rested, and the
Venison, I feasted upon
The weeds of Autumn were waving
The towering pines over me
And the howling of wolves
Made me sweet enjoyment.
O I had rather hear these things
Than all the boasted eloquence
Of mind. There can be no
Comfort to man when they are
In a rage. There is but one
King that will please them
They will not be counselled
I would rather live with the
Wolves than with a wild
Wilful woman. I could
Go to my enjoyments then
In peace and no one to
Howl worse than the wolf,
And drink my cup of wine,
And no one to say why do
You so? And build my
Bed of straw where I
Wished, and join in
Mirth and song, where
I wish all this, is not
Pleasure to me, I feel
As if it was in the
Vaults of Tartarus wafted
By Erubus on the liquid
Sulphur and the glittering
Sceptre.
I saw a flash of fire
Come from her eyes
As bright as those
Rays which are sent

From the noon day sun
Ship, as she is drifted
By the tempest on the main.
Her form was noble
As fair as the Egyptian
Goddess, thus as the
Dame that they chose
To be represented in a
Column to support
Their towering temples.
When I saw her, she
Was mad ah ! how her
Eyes did flash and send
Forth fire. She by a
Noble Lord was courted.
He sought her hand only
To accomplish his intent,
To get her money. He
Promised to marry her
If she would give her
Hand. She thought he
Was honest. But oh !
He proved treacherous. She
Strove to overcome her
Feelings. She strove for a
Long time—but she strove
In vain. It made her insane.
When she heard his name
Her eyes would sparkle.
O horrible, she would say,
The vault of Erubus are
Too good for him. He
Ought to be bound in
Fluid sulphur when alive,
Until his senses left him.
Would to Heaven that I could
Find language to express my

Not obtain revenge. O
It looked like a sheet
Of fire waving on the
Mast of some tall
Ship. Then she would
Sit on her golden sofa and
Rest her head on her hand,
And with the other wipe from
Her eyes and rosy cheeks
The bitter tears of misery.
Her only desire was that
Justice might overtake
Him, who had thus
Treacherously deserted her.
But she ought to have rendered
Good for evil. He was
The first violator. She
Thought, I know not what,
But one thing is impossible.
It was wrong that this
Lord should make this fair
Dame thus insane.
But thus it was to be,
And they are now singing
Their songs in Tartarus.

THE BATTLE.

Last night I saw a
Terrible battle at just
Twelve o'clock. Ten
Thousand footman
Come into the field,
And horsemen full
Five hundred. Their
Steeds rushed on
Their foes, as a tiger
would for blood.
The soldiers fought
Like brave warriors.
Three thousand men
Victorious in war fell,
And bled for their
Country. In the
Battles did their
Steeds thirsted for
Blood. They drank
The arterial blood,
And in actions did
Ask for more. The
Thunderings of the
Cannon, and the
Sounding of the war
Trumpet was amazing
To me. And they
Would wave the

Flag of fire. Their
Motto was "Let us
Conquer, or die
In the battle field."
"Die for our country,"
Born freeman and
Die Slaves? Heaven
Forbid it! Let us
Die freemen, if we
Die at all! Die in
The battle field!
I stood on the
Rugged cliff and
Swayed a blade of
Fire. By me
Passed within three
Inches of my eye.
I was astonished
To think—to think
That they would
Fire on me where
I stood on the rugged
Cliff. I did not
Give them any
Offence. I was
Standing there for
Amusement, it was
Enough to move ones
Blood, to stand and
See the warriors fight.
At last the invaders
Retread. Fifteen thousand
Entered the field,
Only three left it.
All the steeds and
Chariots that the
Generals rode fell,

Bleeding to the ground,
And all the warriors
But three thousand.
Lost their loins for
Nothing but superstition.
O, will you my noble
Countrymen, can you
Risk your life on
Superstition. Hold
To your own doctrine
If you know it is
Right. This night
Was a terrible night
For these two nations.
Neither of the armies
Conquered or left
The field with dishonor
At first one had the
Advantage at last,
By retreating, he
Gained it. I saw
Them quiver when on
The glittering steel, their
Hearts were resting.
No more their voice was
Raised, or heard on
The distant hill.
All was sad when
They retreated. No more
Could you hear the
Trumpet of war, nor
The stepping of the fiery
Steeds on the rugged
Cliffs. All appeared
Like the silence of
Death. The whole
Country was in

Mourning—some for
Their friends, and some
For their disappointments
In not gaining the
Conquest. Infidels
As well as Christians
Wished to obtain
Dominion. Where !
Oh where can they find
Rest ? Where is there
Not superstition ? As much
With the Christian as
Any other sect. And
From them no knowledge
Sprung. He told of one
Charge by some, and
Thereby others which
Are we to believe. Why
Have we not reason
To believe there was
No deluge before wars
Time. We have history
From China as well as
From Greece and Rome
And Great Britain.
Enough to convince
Us there was a deluge
Before Noah built the
Ark. Has not China
History, and who will
Refuse such facts as
Are found there. They
Are as good as those
We get from Greece.
All this is nothing but
Superstition. The older
Epicts fell on account

Of their superstition.
If there have been ten
Thousand deluges what
Matters that to us. Let
Us do right. If there
Is one sent we cannot
Turn it. O our fates
Are all made permanent
By the high hand of Heaven,
As it was by the noble
Generals, when they
Into the battle field
Had come.

AN INFIDEL IN LOVE.

As the concave heavens
This one was charming
To the eye. The planets
Of different works. The
Same Susanna sent
Forth the rays from her
Sparkling eyes to give
Light to her charms,
That shone before her
Lover's eyes. Where
He saw their rays he
Rejoiced, and wept,
Because he had not
Seen these eyes before.
Well he might weep,
When he was told
Of them. He would
Not strive to raise the
Clamor of devastation.
He mourned, and many
Rejoiced at his misfortune.
O this is right if he is
An Infidel. Help him,
No! And if he had
Reason for his guide
Why should we condemn
Him. But let him
Be directed by the
God of Reason, and
Then you may be sure
That the unknown spirits
Wandering through the

Depths of Tartarus or
Those that stop at Elysian
Can never make him
An Infidel. O I
Have a mind to be
Free—I will not be
Enslaved by some
Bigotted Priest, when
They often do so when
They can. And they
Think they are doing
Gods will. O I would
Not be enslaved as
Other sages have been.
If I need a leader, there
Is one in Heaven. He
Who will be deluded without
Learning is a fool !
Yet one who thinks for
Himself and sounds
A doctrine should
Hold to it.

R E V E N G E .

As Juno was
Revenged at
Pallas, her wrath was
Forever against Paris.

Although her fame
Was spread through
Many countries,
Yet she would not forgive.

Venus as well as Pallas
Insulted Juno as
She thought, although Juno
Was a noble Goddess.

Ah, she knew the Greeks
And Romans were
Abroad, but Paris
Denied her the prize of beauty.

She sought Revenge,
Her wrath was placed
Against the Trojans,
It was not pleasing.

As Mars was not
Adored by the Hellenic
Tribe, Juno was
Not by Paris the same.

As Juno was employed
By Jupiter to attend
The dying females, while
He attended to their souls.

As often as the
Dames practising jilting,
Jupiter described her people
As vain and sinful.

As Euripides was from
The wisest parents, he
Ought to be heard when
Speaking to Pythagorus of Samos.

If he was the founder of
An Italian school
Of Philosophy, he is to
Be honored more than gold.

He was wise—and a just
Poet. He did much for
His country. He who does
The most deserves fame.

Your honor, Sir, Mr. M——. You
wished me to write you when I ar-
rived home.

H A P P I N E S S .

With you on Sunday
Morn did meet, when I
By chance a noble dame
Did see in solitude and solemnity.

Her sparkling eyes and rosy
Cheeks made me enquire
The cause of her solitude, when
She could society have.

O she wiped the tear
From her eye when I
Approached the question.
I have no friends nor money.

You know, your honor,
At that time of five dollars
You thought nothing. I gave
Her pounds sterling on departure.

O she was a goddess,
Greater than any of Greece.
O may Rome boast of
Her fame. O give me her.

She was learned in all the
Ancient literature. No
Poets nor historians but
What she was familiar.

In the merry song
And the giddy dance
She was familiar
With and gave up sporting.

O you saw me with
Her for many an hour.
If you saw me when
You did you would laugh

You saw us when we
Were amused and
Engaged in conversation ;
You can't accuse of evil doing.

You may think what
You please ; I swear she
Is a good goddess, by
The gods of heaven I swear.

By all the powers of heaven
He is what those sparkling
Eyes this moment tell
That she is a goddess.

O you honor you had
A felon's thought ; I could
See it in your eye. She
Placed confidence in me.

You was jealous because
I took the parting kiss
From her rosy cheek, which
You could not obtain.

O the first time I saw
This dame, I knew she
Was a noble one, who
Would cheer the sage of solitude.

O ye poets and orators
Where is your happiness ?
Is it on the stage,
Or with the goddesses ?

From high heaven
They were hurled, to
Add happiness to life.
Without them man would sorrow.

We sported in the giddy
Dance and the merry
Song before we parted ;
She fell on to my bosom.

Can you, my honor,
As more of a dame
Than this. We live
For happiness.

O may you sport at
Eve, and women over the cliffs
And up the winding vale
And find happiness.

O what is happiness ? You
May have your pounds and
Your eames, yet there is something
Asking at your heart for more.

O happiness is that
Which I have sought
For many a day and hour,
Seldom found it.

O you saw us when
We parted. She told
Me there was affliction ;
O you jealous thing.

You and all the spirits
Over head looked on me
As I tried to defend this
Noble goddess as I did.

This goddess came welcomed
Home to her father's house
Where every thing
Would be plenty and free.

•

THE FEMALE PREACHER.

She to develop her mind
With all her classes
Would converse and read
All the works of philosophy
And write on the bad
Condition of her own
Country. Bad management.

She often spoke of Rome ;
Her eyes would sparkle
When she heard Cataline
Praised. She wept for
Their ignorance when
They placed him for
His virtues in Rome.

She wept. O it was
A horrible sight to
See them weep, to
See the time and
Fortune she had spent,
And at the last
She left no fame.

She around with them
Sit ; as true sincerity as
The Romans did in sackcloth
And ashes, when they
Were paying homage
To the gods of
War and resurrection.

ON CALLING ON A FALSE FRIEND.

O never did the infernal
Devil, when he his kingdom
Held and the office of a
Secretary, never was such
A savage ever recorded on
Hell's fiery registry. False as
You are, would to God you
Never will get to heaven,
For you will raise a war
For nothing more than your
Heilish looks and acts.
You may end so in disobedience
As much. Who is offering
Up my blood ! The sacred
Gods in their marble temples,
Lounging on their golden couches
And snapping the sparkling
Wine from the diamond
Cup, at the same time
Rectifying wrath at the fourth
Rate, that it might produce
Death with one act.
The oath of Judas to his
Father would not dampen
His ardor ! the temptation
Of Eve would not turn
Him from his treacherous
Course. He would give
A passenger a bill to heaven,
And the same would
Conduct him to hell.
No grumbling, he replies,

Your bill is paid ; all
Is right ; the poor deluded
Traveller receives his chance,
And it is a sad one.
Heaven turned into floating
Hell, and for his wine,
Liquid sulphur. Pleasure
Turned into horror. O
Ye gods of happiness
Where are you : arouse
From your slumber. O cheer
Me. These, with those around
Me are cold and dark ;
All now is desolate.
O my friends are gone,
Gone. I will die before
I will weep for a traitor ;
Too proud to bow to obtain
Friends. He who will do
It is a fool and a slave.
Condemnation and adoration
Are fostered in a hellish
Heart or a treacherous
Goddess, yet I love a
Treacherous goddess more
Than an honest fool,
For she well knows how to
Act her part. If Byron
Did marry one, he did not
Love. And Shakspear
Got one that was nearly
Half a score older than
Himself ; that is no rule
For others to go by, or shall
Clara, the golden goddess.
What is sin in one may
Be holiness in another.
O where is the holy and

Virtuous. O for heaven's sake
Tell me, I have been
Wandering for years after
Him. O I be blind on
The road to the vaults of
Hell! Eternal hell!
O this goddess leaves weeping
And roves from door to
Door begging her bread.
On his account her father's
Temple door was closed
Against her. She knew
The law, but transgressed it.
O I try to think the immortal
Gods of earth form a hell
For this man that is ten
Degrees hotter than the one
Plutus has his dominion over.
O ye gods, who have regard
For the vicissitudes of the
Human race, O I beseech
You in the name of heaven
Sink him in chaos. The
Fears of hell cannot dissolve,
And let his soul be toasted
By the devils with their glittering
Spears. O now let his
Groans be heard in the
Golden walls of Paradise.
If it is so let them all
Rejoice that he is in hell!

LOVE SICK DAMES.

O all ye goddesses of
The green rugged cliff,
This night to thee I
Bid adieu. O would to
God that my spirit
Could rove through
Those arches
Of nature, where
Those lovely gems
Are illuminated
By the king of night
When fools are in
Repose and sages
Meditating within
The sacred walls of
Castleton, or the
Sacred goddesses over
The green cliffs of the
East, or the sparkling
Water at their feet
Does flow can I
Behold. If I had
Not I would not, but
I have. O here is my
Hand or one hundred
Pounds. Deliver me
From love sick dames ;
I had rather have my
Soul rest in hell than
To have the wrath
Of one rest on me !
For I should never

Expect to be free.
If I do differ from
The rest of the human
Race, it is in accordance
With nature. If I
Should violate that
Law I should excite
The wrath of God. I
Am for peace with God,
Man and the devil.

S U N S E T .

O those long
And extended
Glimmering rays,
Which have vibrated
For many a day
Each one as it
Revolved. The noble
Glow which behind
It left, there the
Spirit of love roved
And reposed. O
I did not know
The power of love
Until I was placed
On the distant coast,
Where I could not
Place my hand on
The blooming rose
And see you wipe
The affectionate tears
From the rosy cheek.
O the sparkling eyes
Would send the
Rays of piercing love
O to God that I
This night could
Be with thee and
Pluck the rich laurels
O I never expect
Again to see thy
Rosy cheeks and

The glimmering rays
That are sent from
Thy black Italian
Eyes and place my
Hand on thy blooming
Breast, and from
This golden cup sup
The glistening wine
With thee. O fair
Maid of the green
Glens and rugged
Cliffs, where we have
Roved and plucked the
Laurel by the rays
Of the moon which
Illuminated our path,
And there is no one
The wiser, for they
Never heard our thoughts.
Signs are as good as
Words and sometimes
Better, when there are
Spies in the camp, as
There is in all men
You know. He was
Revenged. I thought
No harm, when I in
Your company sought.
Nor did I care, I
Never saw that man
I would ask pardon ;
And to every one I
Will pay due respect.
O heaven where am
I, what am I about ;
Am I in the vaults
Of hell, feasting on
The sacred souls of

Heaven. If I am,
I am miserable.
Since I those sparkling
Eyes, I have left
I never have said
I loved, and never
Will, yet I have seen
Thee there. I would
Give my life, if it
Were requested, to
This goddess.
But she is gone,
And I am free, and
Care not for my
Sake any more on
This golden cup, and
The nine will chase
Me as much as
You have. Angels
And sacred gods
This silly thing have
Done. Alexander
Wept for more worlds
To conquer. Sages have
Fell victims to this monster
Which the Queen controls.
He is more solitary at
The midnight, as
Philosophers and old divines.
O hour! horrible to all
The midnight scenes;
Angels trembled, blood
From their breasts flowed,
Groans that make the
Golden overhanging skies
Resound. I have your
Vow, ego apapa spalvi, as
It by your only hand

On your blooming
Cheek. I saw in
Those eyes deceit, as
I thought, and time
Will prove all things.
Your words in my
Youth did sway my
Mind. You had
Failed in one point,
You may in another.
O I have oftentimes
Seen myself riding
On the rolling waves
Of fire, about to lodge
On the rugged cliffs of
Hell. I should rather,
For choice, have rested
There than in your
Bands. I would have
Been more horror than
Pleasure. O give me
The reverse. Yet I like
The blooming dame, or
Goddess as you say I
May call her. If
She can arouse me
From solitude, that is
All she deserves that I
Know of. If dames or
Goddesses will cure it,
I will foot the bill. It
Takes fourteen years service,
But she is to be mine,
If she can find me
A bill of divorce, she
May be free and practice
Without such acts.
You cannot expect a

Recompense. All those
Counsellors without success
Have the same.
It is not right, but
Every one to his profession.
Without compensation
The physician is compelled
To practice. You must
Obey the laws of right
And wrong, if God
And man has made them.
We have fools to make
Our laws for sages to
Go by. The election of
President and nullifier
Has put this nation
Back for ten years,
If not fifty, and by
Some they are called
Gods, while they disown
Some other name.
O then, my holy goddess,
To thee as long as I
Dissipate no one but
The sacred Gods do
Know when we shall
Meet. O we are parted ;
When, O when shall we
Meet again. I condemn
Thee not, but he who
Has led your mind from
Realities to fiction, and
Represented fables for
Sacred truth. O you
Are on the golden chain
That binds you and him.
It cannot be broken ;
I would not if I

Could, for it would
Make both miserable.
It is on your account
I care for him.
He has fetched horrors
On thee. O reflect not
On the past, but cheer
Thyself in hope that
You may, in coming
Time, rove in the
Distant glen, and
Sit on the bank of
Purling brooklets, and
Rove over the rugged cliff.
O weep not at your
Misfortune ; there is
A God that will crown
You with glory.

TO LORD B——.

The sun bright rose,
On high Olympus
Rested, and the rays
Of the glimmering
Moon this night on
Me do rest—and
With a milder gleam
Since I from you turned,
And have come ;
And like those if
I had the power of
Jove I would thrust
Them to hell or the
River Po. I have not,
So let the poor devils
Go. If you minded
All every one said,
I would not. A lord
Weep and beg for his
Head ! There is one
Whose name I will
Not mention, for he
Is beneath my notice,
But wishes me harm,
You know him, and
R is the first and the
Last letter of his name.
O for God's sake dine
With the devils for you
Will have sulphur in

The liquid state for
Your drink. I have
- Seen him nine times
Drink in a week, and
Vomit on his dames
Blooming breast.
No harm on his part,
For the fool paid the
Bill with change he
Left on rosy carpet, and
Silk as he was prostrated
On the floor he could
Not speak no more
Than I, when her
Father fed her and
She licked her hand,
She wept while he was
Rolling on the marble
Desk. She was a
Native with black and
Long hair, black face
And eyes. O he thought
Her a Goddess. You
Must make allowance
For his natural propensities
And education. I should
Think you would when
You see his
Ossa nasir. I do
Not wish to say
Anything disrespectful
Of his nation. If he
Is right and obtained
A black nature when he
Thinks himself white.
When he is drunk
O let us pray to Argus,

Jupiter, Juno that he
Would not like to
Have us pray to Ocyracho
Because he was transformed
Into a mare pledged
To the holy Gods, and
Apollo for a reformation,
For Jupiter knows you
Could not make him
Worse. O let the poor
Devil take his nativity
And a crown, and to
Tartarus go, You may
Think for yourself what
This crown will be
O when the king of
The fire steps on the
Earth. She groans when
She the holy plains
Polluted by devils. They
Weep and sigh.
O I could rejoice
To be allowed to see my
Cur pull his heart
And loins of his
Blood would not
Take his life. It
Would be worse than
Dying. Let his soul
Be petrified in the
Euxine, be preserved to reside
In Hell for eternity.

A G A P A .

O thou art more
Powerful than the
Revolving Electricity
Of the great Jehovah,
Who with it came,
Make the Heavens
And the earth tremble.
O a true Zantach
Son of Philosophy.
Thy head is a diamond,
Thy breast of marble.
Thine extremities of
Liquid coals—firm
As the footstool of Dens
More powerful than
Jove ever was. O
Guilty of the crime
Of transforming Sages,
Or magicians into
Beasts. O words
Cannot express thy
Glory, thy power.
Mortal man cannot
Look you any more
Than he can on the mighty
King who rises in the east,
And makes his way to
The west, rolling golden
Waves and leaves a
Sign that gives us hopes,
He will again appear.
As soon as man beholds
His power and glory he

Dazzles his eye and turns
His eyes towards the ground
And blushes and resolves,
O glorious king of day,
She in her mansion sits,
And with her diagrams
Explains the course, the
Planets around the sun
When they leave and return.
O her glittering head
Will turn the wandering
Soul as the magnetic
Pole, will the tottering needle.
She is good counsel as
The imperial chamber
Of Germany can furnish,
O thou sweet solicitor
O thou fairest of the east,
Wiser than the king of
Egypt, must thou die
That thou art not crowned
A Goddess of fame and
Made immortal. I must
-Wonder Thou art worthy
Of a kingdom of thine own.
O Heaven did you on
Your onward course prove
Prosperous. True the frown
Of hell will molest and
Offend thee. Take this
Ring until we meet again,
May this be a sign to Agapa.

TO CHARLES.

At a well turned ship
From a safe port does
Sail, their sails all furled
To the breeze on the sea.

After many days cruising
She returned. She had parted
The waters of many briny
Waves, and baffled many a storm.

Her sails were torn from
Her mast ; her compass would
Not traverse ; she was drifted
Back to port by the mighty tempest.

With Charles, as this ship,
He with ten thousand pounds
From the shore of prosperity
Started, all for a noble dame.

They on the sparkling waters
Did glide, and from the fountains
Of happiness drank the pure crystal
Water of sorrow, which they moved thro'.

They on the highest top of
Honor did stand, in the first
Of society, wealth placed him
There more than his wit.

All thearitos and bragrides
He was familiar. His dame
Was amused to see him take
Her pounds and spend to her happiness.

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

Look down on them with
Scorn and see worlds he
Never thought. He would
Live on the sacred blood
Of those he with his
Mighty arm by chance had
Seized and then retire to
His cave. As many sects
And leaders live as the noble
Lords sup on the blood of
The poor and cry holiness.
Eyes like fire, and a face
That would stand the fires
Of hell. They would see
Their brothers heart from his
Breast taken for five pounds
Of gold. He would preach
To please his audience,
Not to impart intelligence,
Although he thought that
God could not make matter
Think. He has said God
Is the cause of all things.
If that is true, matter thinks,
Man cannot think when
The brain is gone, and the
Brain is matter, and her
Fools are great reasoners
On the mind I say nothing
Of the soul. The sacred
Will decides that the soul
Is from this corrupt place,
To hell or heaven. If
We live in accordance with
Gods bow their songs of Zion
Are prest on our ear.
The infidel and drunkard
Are thrust to the vaults of hell.

By his words you might
Think he was as powerful as
Titans, and brave as
Heros. He is a different
Man, he thrives for virtue
And has great success
O may the help of the Lord
Be granted to every Christian.
O let Christ's cause and
True mental philosophy
Advance. O never say
Ye unbelievers, God cannot
Make matter think, which
He has. And all the human
Heads will go to hell or
Heaven.

ANCIENT HISTORY,

We read of olden times
 Of men who fell from
 Grace by their own disobedience ;
 The law they knew, and
 Obeyed it not, thus
 Dissenting to the law they
 Were sent to hell. Hell
 Is their abode, for they
 Disobeyed the law which
 Was found so established
 By the first king. It
 Was expelled by the second
 Thus it went on until
 It came to Christ.
 He exploded the law of Moses
 And established his own,
 Although he said Moses
 Was a good man
 Different creeds which
 Were established from
 Christ's own laws with
 The Romans and the Greeks,
 Thus the Roman Catholic
 Church was established ;
 Thus their church creed
 Was abominable. The
 Idolatry, superstition and
 Ignorance, servility to their
 Hierarchies. I should
 Think that the great
 Men of Rome and Greece

Might foresee their destiny ;
They are men that pretend
That they have wisdom.
O God ! If this were true,
Why did God not choose
Such men to act.
Instead of making peace
They made war, and
Insisted on advancing
The signal of contest,
They with their selfish
Power strewed the vale
With devastation and
Ignorance before them.
Thus sages and poets
All combined through
Rome and Greece. The
Churches they ruled.
Thus a sect was taught
To believe what the
Priest said was the
Word of God. Thus when
The Pope obtained the
Power of all, he made
The king kiss his feet
For the pardoning of his
Sins. Thus for gratification
The king made the serf
Do the same and drink
The holy water which run
From the Pope's feet ;
This was good for an
Emetic. Thus the king
Made them believe that
He could cure the disease
By applying his hand
To their neck.
Thus you can see how

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

The Pope has made them
Believe that in Greece and
Rome and Ireland he,
Is a God.
When peace and harmony
Prevail, then Popery tried
To show its power.
If there was one thing
Advanced against their
Doctrine, one would
Have to be beheaded for
His belief. King James
Was ambitious ; he had
Many friends, and wished
To obtain more. The
Pope opposed the cause ;
There was war. King
James, with all his hosts,
Made the Pope bow, which
Never was done before
King James was victorious.
King Solomon he honoured ;
You know what he had
Said of great sages.
Some were carried on the
Spears and thrust into
The flames. There stood
Father, mother, sister and
Brother, and saw their
Flesh burnt from their
Bones. O heaven, my God !
The shrieks which that
Poor mother gave would
Make you tremble. The
Blood curdle in your veins.
If Popery was the true
Religion of God, he would
Not suffer so many to

Be murdered innocent.
Rivers of blood have been
Shed and holy spirits
Sent to the other world
All for the Popish religion
Which the Pope has obtained
Such power. It would make
The angels tremble, that
Cord of love and holiness
Which binds converts to
God to angels, and angels
To descend and swear
That was broken assunder
By the Pope. Thus Paradise
Becomes corrupt as hell,
And heaven was forsaken
For a time. Angels turned
Black and did not know
Themselves.
God promised to change
Them back if they would
Turn this hell into paradise.
Man, with all his knowledge
And assistance of the devil,
Cannot turn hell into heaven
Or heaven into hell.
O deliver me from Popery.
I had rather not know the
Law of God than be a
Roman Catholic ; I had
Rather live in the arcades
And amid the ruins of Greece.
All this availeth nothing ;
Without God is with man.
May the good and the great
Forsake all that is mean,
And make sages hold to
That which is good,

Let him send forth his
Glory in all his works ;
If it is in the electric clouds,
Or rays of light in the form
Of the burning bush. Let his
Holy spirit bind kings and serfs
In harmony. Let all Roman
Priests not take their own hearts
Blood because we should
Differ on religion, for it is
Mean. Do not be such
A fool to think God requires
It of you. Do not be
So bigoted on faith, for that
Is all. You know nothing of
Malor dilon pasin authropois.
Do not be so mean as to
Shed thy own brother's blood
For faith. Some rely on reason,
Others that cannot reason
Will go on faith. O don't Mr.
Pope, behead those that differ
With thee on religion and faith.
Higinus, the Roman bishop,
Who first introduced
Godfathers and godmothers
And baptism was introduced.
They thought that man
Could not be saved without
He was first washed in the
Lamb's blood.
A sage or a king might
As well die as to say that
That doctrine was false.
O heaven, see what Popery
Has done. It has been the
Means of shedding the blood
Of many innocent men ;

Their hearts have been torn
Out from their bodies
And consumed in the
Flaming fires, and their
Souls sent to hell because
They would not believe as
The Pope. You know that
The Pope has the power to
Do as he pleases. To send
A man to paradise or
To hell for disobedience.
O heaven! see what fates
Lost on spears floating
In the liquid sulphur, filling
The air with flame, and
The rocks sending forth their
Groans. All this, and there
They must remain as long
As God exists.
O reflect. See the time you
Must float in hell. O horrible.
O see your heart hanging
On the pointed spear of war.
Then repent and turn to Christ.

BAPTISM.

Baptism has caused the
Heart's blood of many to
Shed. All for baptism!
Is this Religion? If it is
I want no more of it.
Popery is bad, but deliver
Me from Baptism. That
Is not religion. God never
Told men to take life to
Establish his law. If it is
God's law, he can establish
It without war. * He can
Make it appear so plain
'To all that it is his law.
O fools, contend not for
Those things, for it is nothing
But faith who will give his
Life for faith.
The title of Pope has been
A long time in existence,
But first applied by Higinus
'To the priests. Pius, a
Good man, the Roman bishop,
Declared the Lord's resurrection
Should be kept on the Sabbath:
Thus you can see he sustained
The ancient law. He lived
In one hundred and fifty-four
Of our Lord. Previous to this
Time the *selecti* were advocated,

But at this time one is as
Much as we can take care
Of. And at last some are
Lost in torment.
Next came the convocation
Of Virgins to the Gods.
O many of them were
Corrupt as the church.
Some were saved through
The atonement of Christ
Entered the churches, and other.
Officers were appointed. The
Men of that time were honored
To hold an office in the church.
Then came persecution and
Free Christians had to die,
Stretched on the cross ; their
Hearts were pierced by the
Spears of war, which had
Been dipt in poison.
To die is a horrible thing
For some, but for them
To die was happiness.
For choice they had rather
Die on the cross with torment,
O see your christian friends,
With their heart's blood gushing
Forth, which had been
Pierced by a spear of war.
Justin wrote his sacred
Apology, and was beheaded
In the same year, for
Christianity. He was a
Noble soldier of the cross
Of faith. Anisatus of
Rome, a sage he was, and
Spoken was there no harm
Of him ; and Polycarp, at

Smyrna, argued for the
Sake of power to let the
Greek and the Latin
Christians observe their
Own day, and consecrate
Their temples to God.
Then Polycarpe was martyred
At Smyrna ; then Anicetus
Of Rome directed the
Convocation of bishops,
And the shaving of the
Heads as they do in China.
They thought it was the law
Of God. Thus fools believed
What sages told them, if
It was to sit down in
Sackcloth and ashes and
Mute. The shaving of the
Heads of priests is abandoned
At present. What looks
Worse than a man with
His head shaved. I should
Think he was a candidate for
Sing-sing.
Melestus addressed the people
On Christianity ; thus doing
Away with mythology he
Established Christianity.
He sought for happiness within
The walls of Paradise, where
The walls looked as if they
Were made of gold instead
Of brass Thus you see
Deception among priests.
Thus Nero the great, who
Was the first persecutor
Of the Christians. Calagula
And Antonius, their deeds

Are all on record, and
Are barbarous. There were
Some who were in favor
Of Christians. They had
To contend with the Pope.
It is true that Antonius
Defended the cause of the
Christians in the Roman
Senate chamber.
From the time of Heliogabulus,
Alexander Maximus,
Gordian Phillip, Dasittas,
Nalariene Theodosius,
Galas Homerus and
Old Boniface, then
Came the Pope; before were
Emperors. They all did
Deeds of great greatness.
Thus they found that the
Blessings that did so
Bounteously bear on
Them, they discovered
Were against the high
Artillery of heaven.
After a long war they were
All blockaded.
The summers breeze was
Down wafting them on
Their gallant ship; could
No longer plow the liquid
Brine, nor her lofty
Sails which were once
Spread to the breeze be
Raised. The magnificent
Temples and holy city,
Which as spears did seem
To reach the heavens,
Were mouldered to the

Dust. Desolate, forsaken
City ! O what is the cause
Of that.
Next came Sergius, a
Counsellor from Constantinople.
From his high ethereal
Throne down to Popery.
Added one hundred and
Three canons to the
Ecclesiastical law,
Which caused great
Contention. Thus you
See what law has done.
Next the nativity of the
Virgin Mary was appointed
As a day of festivity.
The feast of the Transfiguration
Was first observed.
Aripert, king of the Lombards,
Gave the Roman Pontiff
The Celtic Alps for the
Ecclesiastical patrimony.
From then to now you can
See vice handed down.
From John the Sixth, to
Eugenius the Twelfth, schism
Has been with the Roman priests ;
Wickedness, disordered pride and
Uncleanness. Then the feast
Of the Trinity was instituted
By Pope Gregory. The feasts
Of All Martyrs was changed
By Gregory to All Saints on
November. Pope, serf, or
King, when he has power,
He likes to show it. Thus
You can see it in Gregory.
That king or pope who

Will sacrifice his country
And the happiness of his
Countrymen, is meaner
Than a brute. Show me
One that will not contend
For his own rights. Not one.
They have more honor than
Some kings. I have seen
Some kings who choose for
Their mates swine to
Amuse themselves with,
They would take a whip
And drive them in the yard
To hear them grunt and
Squeal. This kind of
Intelligence is not worthy
Of a king. O forsake such a king.
Next Mahomedanism entered
Italy, but could not
Capture Rome. Then image,
Worship at Constantinople.
Popish Rome, the genuine
Mother of harlots, lived
Amidst the idolaters,
There were two Popes murdered
By Marasia, a harlot, that
She might place John,
Her own son, in the Popedom.
Mathias was adored by the
Ethiopians. Thus the Greeks
And Latins were nominally
Reunited, and all appeared
To be the children of God.
The feast of James, Matthias
Simon was established.
Thus talking of great deeds
Of men, customs and trials
And afflictions.

I might write from the
Sixty-fifth year of our Lord to
Leo the tenth in fifteen
Hundred and fifteen.
Man, whose mighty arm
Has done deeds of greatness.
Thus, like Joshua, could command
The sun and moon to stand still,
And which never moved.
This we believe according to
Kelper. I think Kelper's
Principle is not true. I
Will let it rest for some
Philosopher to explain.
We can conceive that
Theodora, a renowned woman
Who ruled the Romans,
Had the power to appoint
Popes. O this goddess, forsaken
By heaven and adored by
Rome. Rome become
A rendezvous for the
Vicious. She forsook virtue ;
Her golden columns, which
Supported her sacred altars,
Where the souls of youth had
Been sacrificed for their
Own sons. O fools, to think
God would accept of such
An offering on your part.
No ; but if there is one
Saved, it will be the youth.
Praise the God of justice
And righteousness, that
Custom is done away with.
O how that steel glittered in
His hand as he raised
It to draw the innocent

Blood from his sacred
Son. Then God with his
Mighty power sent forth in
Electric form and caused
The steel to crumble at
His feet. O he was amazed
When he saw, and exclaimed
To his God, Spare my life,
O I have offended thee, I knew it
Not until now. O spare my
Life! For heaven's sake spare.
From Paschal to Julius
The Second, many Popes were
Appointed, and many forms
Of salvation and worship
Were instituted, and the
Howling of devils filled every
Saint's ear. Well, the
Citizens of Rome blushed
Black when the Gods told
Them to repent or be damned.
Some were so established in
Their habits that they chose
To be damned. Now I will
Leave Nero and cling to
My God for the resurrection
Of my spirit in heaven,

I N V O C A T I O N .

O ye immortal Gods!
To you I address my
Prayer from my silent
Home and solitude.

O where hast thou
Wandered for many
A day—O return
With thy merry song.

As we parted the
Cord of love did
Extend like vibrations
That are on the sea.

All was silent as death,
Into her room he
Entered. Her sparkling
Eyes set in their sockets.

As I entered the room
She wept not on my
Account, but on her own,
To think of the future.

By her side stood
Two lovely children
With hands extended,
From their eyes dropped a tear.

No more I could hear
The song from the harp,

All was grief and mourning.
It seemed like a death scene.

O from solitude arouse
To mirth—in pleasing tune,
I spoke. It seemed to cheer,
From her couch she arose.

This astonished her friends
To think that words would
Do more than medicine,
They called me a skilful man.

In a short time she was
Sporting in the giddy
Dance and sending off the
Merry song from the harp.

O I saw her by her
Lover sit. He kindly took
The parting kiss and wept,
To see his dame so sad.

O to see those lovely children
By their father sit. Their eyes
Turned on him would
Make an Angel weep for them.

O to thee I say from solitude
Arouse, there is nothing that
Will fetch on a disease
Like solitude and indolence.

O ye Gods and Goddesses
Of medicine if you have
Success, you had to arouse
Your patients from solitude.

This dame I met in
Corinth in Greece one

Day—of all she excelled
In real beauty.

On the sea I saw her
Ship sailing, and from
Her mast a flag of fire
Waving in the brine,

As her ship over the
Briny wave was going
It into a circle formed
As it over the waves rode.

All seemed to roll beneath
Her decks harmoniously,
She could calm the storm
Or make the ship lost.

From Heaven to earth—and
Main her power extended
She could calm the sage
And make earth tremble.

O think not that you
Are powerful because you
Can from sea to sea go
And not command the motions.

As from Heaven to Christ
Power was given the same
Soon was shown to the Goddess,
To accomplish mishaps.

When she by the tempest
Was driven. She could ride
The waves where others would
Perish in the storm.

When she was pursued
In a chase, she raised

The tempest, and washed
The deck with blood!

The cries of the dying
Were music in her
Ear, and drowning on her
Deck was a Jubilee.

As she was coasting on
The deep, the noble ship
Took fire. It was
Impossible to stop it.

This Goddess and her
Noble Lords were sporting
In the giddy dance from
Thence to groaning they went.

O to see their eyes it
Would make one shudder,
Like fire they looked right
From the vaults of hell.

Their groans were ten times
Worse than any devil
Floating in the liquid
Fires of sulphurous hell.

She with her hands extended
Towards Heaven her
Solemn prayer in
Eloquence asked her help.

O it was too late for
Her this assistance
To ask for her spirit
Was on fire, past recovery,

She swept the ground,
She sighed and wiped the

Tears from her rosy
Cheeks, all was hopeless.

At last she hoisted the
Flag of distress. Her
Ship was seen in flame
By a coaster of the East.

This Goddess he knew
And to her his hand
Extended, and from the
Deck of fire he took her.

This Goddess left behind
One thousand noble soldiers
On the briny waves, most
Of them out of misery.

Her prayer was in vain,
Her arm was not powerful,
To save them, she wept when
She left them dying.

She rejoiced when she on to
Lord Loomis' ship stepped,
To think that she from the
Vaults of hell had escaped.

The inferior devils at
The gates stood ready to
Receive them. O happy, thrice
Happy, Lord Loomis came.

O may his praise be
Sung and sounded on
The harps of heaven to
His immortal praise,

O give me, give me
What is sacred and true,

[REDACTED]

For heaven's sake advocate
The laws of Jehovah.

By heaven this ship was
Directed to save this
Goddess from degradation,
From the fountain of virtue.

To thee, O sacred gods,
I avouch for this goddess,
I know in Canton, in
China she is worth praise.

Her cry once more is
Raised on the tempestuous
Sea, and there is she
Able to converse with gods.

Her fame was known
Among the gods of
Honor, and among
The inferior ones.

O ye wanderers, wanderers
From world to world
What strange and new
Tales can you tell me.

O have you discovered
Any new medicines
That have the power to raise
Man from the consumption?

O thou fatal disease, may
Thy conqueror come, if it
Is not in ten thousand
Years. Obtain it ye gods.

O think not it is a plague
That is sent from heaven;

Time will prove the reverse
In all these theories.

Once a fever was thought
To be a plague sent from
Heaven, now it is in the
Control of men and medicine.

O be independent, be lead
Away by no false teaching
If do call you, do you
Infallibly go for truth.

I said not she was
A goddess of medicine;
She never was excelled
In the curing art.

All the angels and the
Archangels of heaven
Worship her, when she
Spoke of science.

Their arms trembled, and
From their hands they let
Fall their harps. Not to
Contend against her.

She for ever continued
To carry the flag of fire
On the mast, and made
All the gods burn.

She, in the native land
Could take the unknown
Tongue, and please them
In the song of the dames.

She wore a golden
Bracelet, and in her ears

A diamond worth ten
Thousand pounds sterling.

A harp never excelled by
The Italians she carried ;
No goddess of Greece
Ever excelled her in beauty.

With all her accomplishments,
Ye gods of fame, I saw
One who to me excelled
Even her in many points.

Of all the nations I ever
Saw, the goddess that
I have just seen this
Other goddess excelled.

O she has from the
Fountain true beauty
Lent the greatest dame
Of eloquence that is known.

Next to Demosthenes and
Cecero she was. She never
Was excelled on the sea
Except by fatal tempest.

She on a certain occasion
Calmed the tempest and
Made the gods of heaven
Amazed at her power.

All the harps of heaven
Stopt sounding when
She spoke, and the wave
Of torment at her bidding.

O Lord R. remember
This goddess you saw

In China with me,
And also her songs.

They thought she was mad,
Thus in bondage they past
Her, until her lover had
Embarked to his destined coast.

O he does not rule as
Cæsar of Rome, but carries
The same name. He was not.
Caught as the great Pope.

O would to the strength of
Love that she may accomplish
Her desire, and rejoice to
See again her noble lover.

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INFIDELITAS.

A Drama.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BERKLEY, Governor of Virginia.

MAJOR CHURCH, the British.

PHILIP THE GREAT.

THE INFIDEL.

THE CHRISTIAN.

THE CHANCELLOR.

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

JUDGE KING.

MARTIN.

DANIEL, the Statesman.

HURMAH OF YORK.

A SHERIFF OF YORK,

A WAUGER PASHA.

SIR CHARLES, of the West.

LORD JAMES CONDE.

BARBAMUS, from the East.

SHOEMAKER, or You Shall.



INFIDELITAS.

Arch-Chancellor.

He into the court
Entered so drunk
He could not stand.
His eloquence would
Have made, I thought,
The God of Thunder
Tremble to listen to
Him. His opposing
Counsellors and the
Jury trembled before
Him. When he closed
His argument they wept ;
You might as well
Resist the power of heaven
As resist weeping under
His eloquence.

Counsellor.

You call me drunk,
O you scoundrel and
Fool, I can turn the
Mind of a jury while
You cannot obtain
Attention. They are
Disgusted with your
Words. You call me

Drunk ; away from my
Sight, or I will thrust
This spear through you,
You fool! I know your
Nature, and have come
Here to speak of it.
Last session you bore
The fairest principles,
So begone, or I will
Take your heart's blood.
You make me mad
To see such a vicious
Chancellor stand before
Me, O! I am a fool
To contend with you.
Begone! or I will take
Your heart's blood.

[The Sheriff enters,

Sheriff.

Sir George, you are
My prisoner.

Sir George,

O what have I done
To be your prisoner.

Sheriff.

You have violated the
Laws of this court.

Hurrah.

I have not ; he insulted
Me to my face. I had
A right to speak ;

The court is to blame to
Let such a fool enter
It. I will die before
I will be taken prisoner.
In his assent it was
Not a contempt of court
To say what you had
A mind to such
A fool. You repeat
His words to me, your
Blood ceases to flow
Through your veins.
The God of heaven will
Protect me in the act.
Look to your judge
This moment; he
Trembles, he did not
Tell you to take me.
It was that fool! By
You stands he who
Has made the violation
Of the laws of this court. [Exit.

[Duke of Grafton enters.]

Duke,

Look to your country's
Interest. Why do you stand
Here. Your country is
Invaded and you are
Here listening to counsellors.
One is a fool, and the
Other drunk. Arouse,
Ye noble Americans! This
Chancellor, if he was drunk
Relieved me from prison.
Ah! it is time for us

To reflect Then the Duke
Of Grafton will weep to
See his day is short. O
Weep not, says this counsellor,
We will gain the cause if
The last man is against
Us. I can sway the minds
Of the jury and impress
All the characters that
Cheered. The Duke will
Have revenge if the
God's are willing.
I can fight against
Them as well as Satan
And offer him the same
Temptations ; if he refuse
That is all I can
Go where infidels
Say there are some chosen
And some are not,
Some are closed and
Some are free till the
Judgment day. This
Reasoning pleased the
Duke. He thought he had
Found a counsellor to plead
His cause.

The Infidel.

For a moment listen
To reason, let reason
Be your guide and
Stop your quarreling
If you have told the
Truth ; do not be offended,
He did not tell the
Truth, he did not.

He said I was drunk ;
I was not, you were.
I say by the Gods I
Was not drunk.
Oh your swearing will
Not make any one
Believe you.
Call on your religion
Will not, call on
All your theologian
You may. Law is
My profession.

The Priest enters.

By what power does
Jesus Christ save
Man, did you ask ?

Infidel.

Yes ; I wish to know
Whether one man can
Save another through
All eternity. If
That is the case, I
Am safe.

Priest.

O you poor fool !
Call Jesus Christ a
Man ? And think
That man can forgive
Sins. Jesus Christ
Is God and God is
Christ, and there
Are three in one
And one in three.

Infidel.

Do you deny the
Saviour and the holy

Bible, and say that
Jesus Christ was
Not born of a woman ?

Priest.

I do not deny the
Bible, nor that Jesus
Christ was born of
The Virgin Mary.
But I do say, that
Power that sent Jesus
Into the world created
All things. He has the
Power to do what he please.

Infidel.

Why did he not save Jesus.

Priest.

The world would not repent.

Infidel.

He first created them,
They cannot be independent ;
There is nothing that can
Be independent without
It is a self created.

Priest.

Man was made a
Free agent by repentance.

Infidel.

And where ?

Priest.

In heaven saved from hell.

Infidel.

What is there saved ?

Priest.

His spirit.

Infidel.

How do you know
That he has a spirit ?

Priest.

The word of God is
Our testimony.

Infidel.

Ah ! that is enough.

Priest.

O it is better for man
To rest on that, the
Word of God, than to
Be turning from one
Doctrine to another, by
The influence of infidels.

Philip enters.

Stop this, or I will
Make you all corpses.

Priest.

For heaven do not say
Thus, there is a just
God that presides over us:

Philip.

Why is it that you
Have been contradicting
With that infidel.
If he is just he would
Have ended your days.

Priest.

To convince him of

The truth. and make
Him serve God.

Philip.

You poor fool. Do
You say that you
Know what the will
Of God is.

Priest.

Yes, I know what
The will of God is:

Philip.

You are insane. Get
From my room, or I
Will run you through
With my dagger.

Priest.

Then rest and weep
O thou poor fool.
Poor infidel will
Be damned:

Sir Berkley.

I rejoice that there
Is no fewer schools
In America. It is
That more knowledge
That is what he
Added torment, peril,
War and pestilence,
The cause of ruin of
Empires, without that man
Would be happy. He
Would be as the God
Of nature found him.
As he was made

Happy ; by knowledge
 He becomes miserable.
 O for heavens sake shut
 Up the School houses.

Daniel the Great.

Let it come, let all the
 Whole come. We cannot
 Have knowledge without
 War and pestilence, and
 The falling of Empires
 I say give me knowledge
 I had rather fall by that
 Means than die in a
 Barbarous nation. It is
 By wisdom that man
 Escapes the power of the God
 Of superstition.

The cause of the fall of
 Empires is superstition.
 O keep from this nation
 All false doctrines
 And idolatrous works.
 O let your fairest
 Goddesses of York come.

Hermah. :

What is your wish
 My noble Lord,
 If it is in my power
 I will grant it all,
 Though you are not
 My lover, but would
 Be pleased to be your
 Servant. A man of
 Your wealth and wisdom,
 Kings would be your
 Servants. If they could

They would die with your
Fame. What do you wish.

Daniel.

A song or a piece played
On the piano.

Hurmah.

I cannot sing or play.
If you wish to sport
At games, or in the giddy
Dance I will accompany
You.

Daniel.

That is too much like
Work. I cannot believe.
We will play a game
Of whist.

Hurmah.

I should be very happy
My noble Lord.

Philip.

The night was spent
In drinking wine and
Playing whist. A happy
Night for him and
That fair goddess,

Daniel.

O sing me my fairest
Tune.

Hurmah.

I told you I could
Not sing well.

Daniel.

I heard you sing

In Paris, Hurmah,
Sing to please the noble
Lords after they had
Drank twelve cups of
Wine and played as many
Games of whist.

Hurmah.

She sung. He spoke
With surprise in the
Midst of the tune,
O that is better than
I heard in Paris. The
Words that pleased the
Noble Lords were, "O
May America always
Be free, never invaded
Or conquered by any
Foreign foe."

Major Church.

You wish that America
May always be free.
She ought to be under
The British tyrant
And her inhabitants be
In chains.

Martin.

- That is right, we have
Got past protection.

Major Church.

They need no more
Protection. They were
Protected before they left
Britain.

Daniel.

Come look. It would

Be like going for heaven
To the vaults of Tartarius,
Where there is no just
Laws or virtue.
Ask America to come
Back to hellish Britain.
I should like to see
Your blood taken from
Your heart. For heaven's
Sake and mine vanish
From my sight.

Priest.

We have the word of God
For it. That is enough to
Satisfy any man of reason.
O for heaven's sake never
Let me hear you speak
On the subject again.

King.

If the ladies did pay
The General's fine, it is
No reason that he should
Die in prison.

Pacha.

You ought to have been
Hung. You deserve not
The name of American.
Go to Britain, you rebel
You ; call thyself a judge !
Judge of what ? not of
Law and Justice. If you
Had been, he would never
Have put you in prison.
You were a coward and knew
Not what to do. You wished
To please Britons

And Americans ; you knew not
Into whose hands you
Might fall. Poor man !

Sir Charles.

I saw her on the distant
Heath weeping, and beneath
Her feet run the sparkling
Water. She wept to see
Her lover fall. He fell in
Battle. She was not able
To carry out his desire,
She was weak, she could
Not wield the battle axe.
When she spoke she made
The whole house weep. They
Wept for her lover who
Had fallen in battle.
She fell beside his grave ;
Her father covered both and
Wept and smothered the
Green sod that over them lay.

James, (weeping.)

I thought you was too
Pleased to weep alone.

Charles.

I am voluntarily. I
Cannot help it, they
Were my nearest friends ;
To see him fall and she by
His side buried beneath
The green sod, O I could
Not but weep ; I wept
For their misfortune to
See them fall in youth.
O let us die, die happy.

Think no more of them ;
As long as we think
Of them we shall weep,
While we weep we shall
Be in torment. O let us
Go to sleep, and sleep
Until the trump is
Sounded. O rejoice while
Ye can, you know
How long you may
Have pleasure. The happiest
Hours man has, are
Taking the benefit of
His labor.

Daniel.

Where is your goddess.

Hurmah.

Here I am at your
Service. What's your wish.

Daniel.

Will you walk with me,

Hurmah.

I should be very happy
To leave thy mansion, and
Ramble for a time, to
Stand and trace the revolution
Of the planets and study
Mineralogy. Then return
Home much amused.

Daniel.

Why is it that you are
So dull this eve. No song
Falls from your lips ;
Your eye looks dull, you

HOURS OF REFLECTION.

Look sad. Do you think
You are forsaken.

Hurmah.

By every one but you.

Daniel.

Your health is as good
As it was formerly.
Drink wine—one cup
Of wine will make
You feel strong and
Merry.

Hurmah.

No I cannot sing. I
Have seven tongues where
I had one before.

Daniel.

I should think that
You might sing a
Little.

Hurmah.

I have drank too much.

Daniel.

I think we both have.
Bring me the steeds,
I think we had better
Ride

James.

He had gone but a short
Distance when he was
Slain by her former lover,
His steed was taken, and
She with him went, because
She could not help herself;
In less than forty-eight hours

She was a corpse. He had
His revenge.

Pacha.

Why do you not come ?

Henry.

Have you not sent a traitor.
O I had rather have a
Spartan woman than he.

Pacha.

O say she is a slave, and
Her lover too. Come,
I command you by the
Powers, buckle or die.
Arm yourself well ;
Prepare to fight with the
Devils in hell. For
Who slew this goddess is a devil.

Infidel.

You say he is a devil.
How do you know, you brute ?

Pacha.

He had a devilish disposition.

Infidel.

Judge by his foot.

Priest.

O you poor fool that is
A figurative expression.

Pacha.

Why do you stand idle,
We must go. I am afraid
We are too late.

Shoemaker.

I know that it has cost

Him fifty pounds this
Year to keep her in shoes.

Pacha,

He is gone too.

Shoemaker.

He is out of trouble.

Pacha.

He may be in other
Worse than this world's.

Shoemaker.

Where can that be.

Pacha.

In hell.

Shoemaker.

In hell ? What has he
Done to carry him there ?

Priest.

He has not kept the laws
Of God.

Pacha.

If he knew not the law.

Priest.

He might have.

Pacha.

Let us have Berkeley
Executed. Fetch him,
Lash him to a post,
Take this knife and
Open his throax, and take
His heart, throw it on
The fire, and let it

Broil until all the
Filth is gone, and then
Throw it to the wolves.
Burn his body to ashes
And then bury them.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ulysses, robed in state.

Sas, a Sea Captain.

Basina, wife of Ali Pacha.

Mahomet Jarep, Turkish Consul.

Col. Stanhope, Creditor.

National, Counsellor.

Epidurus, Langiver.

Count Sauta Cora.

Emperor Joseph.

Busian Corwa.

Mivouli, a prisoner, an Infidel.

Lord Russ, a Philosopher.



MARCO BOZZARIS :

Lord Russ.

O may the glittering
Diamonds that Socrates
And Aristotle wore be
Changed and serve as the
Vital principle for the
Modern Philosophers.
O the glittering cliff I this
Night will stand on, and
It has been a bed for the
Rolling waves, and it may be
Again ; and glass turned
Into bread for the slaves,
This has been done by the
Power of man. But fools
Would scorn if I should
Tell them so. A serpent
Can be made your friend, and
A stone be made your bread.
It is joy to change earth into
Bones, or meat into blood, or
Infidels into Christians.
The latter is as essential as
The first. If I were Ocellus,
Lucianus, Pythagorus, or
Acschinus I might reason
With you till morn.
O relieve me from the
Midnight threats of the counsellor,

And the horror of the austere
Lawyer, or the dagger of the
Philosopher, who makes it
His business to drag lightening
From heaven to earth.
O see the electricity thrown,
Ascends the golden chain.
See some fierce warrior
With his arms extended,
His eyes of fire turned towards
His unvengeful God, and his
Feet resting on the quivering
Fairy steed as he groans
Beneath him. Both cry
For help. O you could hear
The groans and his teeth grate
When he was fifty feet beneath
The rolling waves, and you
Could see his breath curl in
The air. Well a king might
Fall on his face and blush
When an angel with a
Sword in his hand teaching
Him how and where to drive
His ass ; much more to hear
And rehearse such eloquence
After such lightening, or Josiah
Dethroning idols, or Pharoah
Bathing in the Red Sea.

Sas, sea captain.

It was not my fortune
To be a Rhonus of
Crete. I am free.
O may a choir of Gods
Sing your praise and, and
Venus and Minerva.

Sound the harp.
O Look above all
Interest and give
Adoration to the holy
God. O may the
Holy Spirit of Gregory and the
Songs of Solomon arouse
You from solitude and
Stupor. O the holy and
Mighty John Chrostom
Whose arm cannot be
Waved by all the infidels
Combined. His power
Is mighty.

Mahomet.

I am not Democritus
Or Lucycppus, yet I
Am not a Plato or
A Bassil. Yet Gregory's
Doctrines may be true
As Plato's. Yet I am
Not tired of banishment.
No, a descendant of the
Pythagorian school. No
A flower of all the
Sophistry of the modern
Philosophers. Reason
In preference to fiction,
But fiction does raise
Principles for philosophers
To labor on, or turn
Into poets and before
The public stand what
The world call fools!
Nor can I believe in the
Heractitian sect.
All philosophers and poets

Will advance their sentiments
Condemned by some and
Honored by others. The
Epicurean and Electric sect
Have obtained many disciples
As well as the sophists of
Athens. as Gorgius and
Prodigius, whose glory was
To make the worst appear the best.

Sas.

Would to God I had the
Power to vie with the
Heracлитus sects, and
Epicurus for a companion.
I had rather be left in
The dark than to have my
Eyes put out. I know not
What way to turn until the
Black veil is raised and
The mighty tempest ceases
And the thunder stop its rolling,
And the fire of seas from gleaming
On the golden heavens.
O I am like the rolling sea.
The Ionic sect and Socrates and
Solons disciples are at the present
Times looked upon as men
Not as gods. Sages ought to write
For the public good and purify
The corrupted fountains and be
As virtuous as Franceas. She
Has a twinkling eye, a double chin,
A Chinese form and
Complexion and resembled an
Aboriginal in gesture and in
Manners. She could sing her

Forest song when her red lover
Returned, and after wiping a
Lovely tear from her eye,
And her blooming cheeks,
If one knew her not they
Might weep with her.
If they did they would as
Soon weep for the fall of devils.
He rejoiced when he heard of
Her death.

Lord Russ.

O sua implacables Deus.

Enter Marco Bozzaris and Ulysses.

Ulysses.

O if I had been born an
Epicurus or an Aristotle
I should be an Ulyssus yet.
I cannot go with Democritus,
If all natures have souls
What proof have we of it, unless
Life is the soul? If we believe
With Plato, how can be
Sceptics. Epicurus was a great
Philosopher. All men are
Liable to errors; some do knowingly
Not say Plato was perfect.
He whose writings are distorted by
The public is a great slave.
Ye who wield pens advance
Your own ideas, mind not corrupt
Morals, for virtue is what behoves
Every nation. O what can be
Worse than to see your friend
Betray you.

Marco Bozzaris.

Arouse, Ulysses! you have been

Wasted on the rolling waves of
 Copas, and seen the Athenian
 Classic Halls and stood on the
 Cliffs of Lepanto. We have not
 The heroes of the Theban War ;
 Castor nor Pollox is not here,
 We must fight our own battles
 If the infernals face us.
 O what have you seen. What
 Makes your countenance fade ?
 Does not the heavens look as
 Fair to you as ever ? Has your
 Wine been tinctured with wrath.
 No one but the gods know
 My destiny.

Basilica.

Lord Auplanus was given
 To Gorgick of Tripolozza
 When his majesty honored
 The sacred streets of old
 Constantinople with his form.
 O Bozzaris's arm is almost
 Disarmed, but yet it wields
 The glittering spear ; his eyes
 Sparkle with ambition to see
 His foes fall lifeless at his
 Feet. O it is just and right,
 O my Bozzaris, live till Greece
 Be free. O will lovely
 Greece ever forget Bazzaris.
 Why cannot his name be
 As immortal as Epamanondas.

Anchises.

Some godlike Demosthenes stand
 On Neptune's purple floor.
 O ye feeble Athenians. O why

Could you not let this isle
Remain in peace. At least
They thought they were in pursuit
Of the Golden Purse while they
Were after some noble God of
Eloquence.

Ulysses.

How long the Turk ravished
This holy land. Is not
Bozzaris able to hurl the
Thunderbolt of death. Why are
You slumbering. You are praying
For freedom and encouraging slavery.
Gold at your command and
Also men. My heart and hand
And wealth are to Bozzaris to
Command. In the last battle
The heavens rejoiced and smiled
On him. He had not the
Blood of Ajax nor the power
Of Jove. All moved harmoniously
Until he received the fatal blow.
He saw the fiery steeds of his foes
Quiver beneath his feet as he
Was gasping. Brave as the
Immortal Nelson: The victor
is yet moving his council.
Bozzaris had seen the ruins of
Fallen Troy. His foes before,
Him would appear in council.

Marco Bozzaris.

Ephesus halls may crumble and
Alexander has wept. Greece
Has been afflicted, but affliction.
She has survived until death,
The war songs of the Greeks are

Sounding in my ears.
Let the bolts be turned and
There remained. And here I offer
A libation of my blood that
Greece may be free!
The world knows my arm is
Not like Hector's in war—but
Weak as I am I scorn to yield
So let me die in the battle field.

Masuli.

Your time has come your
Force has reached the summit,
Your power is not of earth,
It is not sufficient to conquer
All. It is better for you to
Relinquish your soldiers and retire
In peace. If it is possible for
You to achieve your desire
You might as well endeavor to
Conquer the world or quench
The fires of hell.

Bozzaris.

That is what I intend. Then
We shall have peace on earth.

Musuli.

How can you speak such
Things to me. You talk of
Conquering. This does not become
You, Bozzaris, to speak thus of
Your power. Look back; see
What you sprung from.

Bozzaris.

Right for christians to save infidels?
As well might angels serve
Devils.

Maculi.

Dare you call us devils.

Bozzarus.

I do, so do all the world,
And all the world rejoice to
See soldiers fall, and you with
Them, so far that your clothing
Armour could only be heard
As you are rolling down on
The path to the lowest hell.

Emperor Joseph.

O those walls look horrible
Stained with Athenian's blood.
O curse the hand that caused
It. O have we offended him.
O Deus! why do you suffer the
Reeking hands of infidels
To scatter the sacred Athenians
Broad on those marble walks.
O this is nothing, for what
Has past or might be.
A christian's heart for meat
And blood were made
Instead of butes to draw,
Their golden chariots.
He who will endure this.

Busiona,

There is a period when all
Nations think they ought to have
The work to control, add fools
Oft think themselves sages
And assume the throne.
Some degrade themselves
Beneath a brute and act as
A human being; no harm

In it if they do not
Deceive. At as fair as she
For she knows no better.
Ah! Cranins are there, thy
Form and beautiful features,
Thy black eyes, and neck
Decked with gold. She has
Found her lover.

Joseph.

Was this not her husband.

Buson Casera.

Yes, I thought it might be,
But I cannot say that
She was drunk and her
Husband too. Most of those
That love are apt to fall into
The connubial bonds,
This was the case with this
Goddess. She is from the
Royal family. If the blood is
Perfect, and I think there can
Be no improvement. I think
The French are in preference
To the Highland Scotch or the
Lowland English. There is
None so fair as the rosy
Italian dame. Some have
Desidered a war and some
Peace. But a man like me
Could not love war.

Epidurus.

Who can complain, when
All act as the great cause
Desires us. It is out of the
Power of mortal God's power

To define. This is the rock
I built my fabric on,
And the ruins cannot destroy it
If nature has made many
Black, you ought not to speak
Thus of her. Consider what she
Is. She was nourished on the
Graft of France. It makes
Me shudder to see fools and
Black dames imposed upon.
If her lover left her weeping
He ought to suffer.

Stanhope.

My breast is open. See the
Scars where the sceptre has
Entered. You must not
Speak thus of her. If her
Lover did save her life.

Epidurus.

She is gone, I know not where,
I don't care.

Stanhope.

O heaven, how can you
Speak thus. It cannot be possible that
She is burning. If that is
So his eyes must snap.

Joseph.

She is gone, let us sing the
Funeral song, so solemn.

O Mary we have
Craved to fall
Before thee as a
Sacred goddess.

O shall justice
Perish for impiety
O to God that you
Were born immortal.

O Dens. on us does
Look with revenge,
But we must sing
Your funeral song.

O those sparkling
Eyes and lovely lips,
That blooming breast
Have waged eternal war.

O your lover has
Stemmed the rapid
Tide. Your hand
Was linked with treachery:

O may peace on you
Rest and wrath be
Quenched, and be safe
You fair dame.

O close thy once
Sparkling eyes beneath
Gold, and sleep sweetly
Until the trumpet sounds.

FINIS.



